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WITH A PALETTE IN EASTERN PALACES

WITH A PALETTE IN EASTERN PALACES

BY

E. M. MERRICK

56684

ILLUSTRATED

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LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY
LIMITED
St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1899

CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE LONDON.

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L. W. Merrick.

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WITH A PALETTE IN EASTERN PALACES.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY don't you write a book?" has been said to me so many times when I have been describing some of my experiences, that at last I am going to try, but with many misgivings, for the only writing I have ever done has been my weekly budget home.

I am an artist, a student of the Royal Academy, and two years after my admission by competitive examination into those schools took the first Silver Medal for painting a head from the life, and, as "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," I always feel grateful to that medal; not that it led me to fortune,

but it was the beginning of my life as a portrait painter, and that has enabled me to see many interesting people and countries that otherwise I should not have seen.

The painting which gained me this distinction was the head of a handsome old Arab, and not one of the forty-two competitors was more surprised than I was when, at the prize-giving, my name was read out by the Secretary as the successful candidate, and I had to walk past all the Royal Academicians and Associates to receive my medal from Sir Frederic Leighton, who said, in his courtly way, as he presented it, "A very excellent piece of painting, Miss Merrick," and I returned to my seat, much too elated to give my full attention to one of those splendid addresses the President always made to the students after the distribution of prizes.

The next day our kind Professor of Anatomy, Mr. John Marshall, F.R.S., and the then President of the Royal College of Surgeons, came to the schools to see me and my medal head: he asked me many questions as to the length of time I had studied, etc., and what I proposed to do in the future. A sudden inspiration made me say, "I should like to be a portrait painter." He inquired how much I should charge for a portrait, and I said I had not the least idea, but did he think £20

would be too much. He replied by asking, "How would you like to paint me?" and, looking at his clever, characteristic face, I answered emphatically, "I should love to." "Very well then, you shall; and for —— guineas," mentioning a much larger sum than I had. I was to let him know when I had found a studio, and I lost no time in securing one at 27, Harley Street, and there began my first portrait, which was hung that year in the Royal Academy, together with my medal head and a subject picture called "Primrose Day."

Although I had a studio, I still continued to work at the Royal Academy Schools, profiting much by the instruction of the Royal Academicians, who take it in turn to teach there every month; and to the late Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., I am most deeply indebted, for he not only taught me at the schools, but came to my studio when I wanted advice, and allowed me to go to his. I remember when he saw me working on my first portrait, I told him I was so anxious that nervousness made me paint too thinly; and he said, "Ah, we all suffer from that; when I was painting the Prince of Wales, the Princess came one morning and asked if she might watch me; and feeling much too nervous to work on the face, I took my biggest brush and began to dab away at the background." It is comforting to hear that even a master-hand like

Holl's could not always be controlled, and also to hear from Millais' own lips that in his picture of "Little Miss Muffit," which I saw in his studio, he had painted the face out eight times, when his later work gave the impression of being so easily done.

The schools were crowded when Mr. Alma-Tadema was our visitor, but we were always afraid of his cutting remarks. "Ah!" with his eyebrows raised, "a house painter would call himself an artist before you." Then standing with a puzzled expression before a very feeble study, "You have not tried to copy the figure, you have not tried to copy the drapery, you have not tried to copy the background; when you have done those three things I will look at your study"—walking away. "You have made those arms like Indian clubs; if you are such a long time painting what you do not see, you will not have time to paint what you do see." To me, "Oh, you have given the poor thing the toothache, and do not paint her hair coming down." I argued that it was so when I had painted it in. "If she stand upon her head, do not paint her like that," and although we all loved his criticisms, we trembled when our turn came to be criticised.

Mr. Quless always liked us to work with clean palette and brushes, and there was a general cleaning up when he entered the schools, always with a rush. One day when Mr. Leslie was a visitor it

was so foggy we could not work, and he amused us with reminiscences of his days in the Academy Schools, and told of a supper given to the students; the Curator, in his speech, telling them the fowls that were placed before them were Royal Academy fowls, having been entirely fed on the bread that was swept up in the Antique School (as this is used by the students to rub out their chalk drawings the crumbs are generally quite black). This reminds me of once when I was staying with a lady who kept chickens; on sitting down to lunch she burst into tears, sobbing, "This is my dear little speckley hen."

One of my first studies was the head of a very picturesque model in a cavalier dress, and, it looking more like a picture than anything I had previously done, I took it to be framed, and not hearing anything of it for some time, went to find the shop closed, and I have never seen my cavalier's head since; but soon after I had my first picture in the Academy, I received a letter from a lady in the country: "Mrs. A—— T—— presents her compts. to Miss Merrick, and, seeing her name in the Academy Catalogue, would like to know if she is the Miss Merrick who painted a cavalier's head, as Mrs. A—— T—— bought one some time ago, and admires it so much, would like a companion picture." I wrote and told her I was the same

artist, and explaining how I had lost it, inquired where it was bought. She replied, "At a picture-dealer's in Great Portland Street, and I gave three guineas for it." I tried to trace it; but found Great Portland Street abounded in picture-dealers, but none of them knew anything of my cavalier; but one pretended he did, to get the order for the companion picture, but he told me Miss Merrick would not paint another for that price, and when I inquired how much she would ask, he said five guineas. This much amused me, and just as I was leaving, being afraid I should laugh, I asked, "What sort of an artist is Miss Merrick?" "Oh, clever, clever, you know, but not tip-top." This remark I repeated to my fellow-students, and I never heard the last of it.

Nearly every student sent in a picture to the Exhibition, and as the time drew near we got very anxious as to our fate, and used to ask the school porter, when he had occasion to go up into the Exhibition rooms, to have a look round and see if we were hung; he well knew that he would be a little richer if he brought us good news. One day he came down with a smiling face and good news for me, and related the dangers he had braved for my sake, and how, in walking through the rooms with his eyes so intently fixed on the walls, he had bumped right into Sir Frederic Leighton, who, as

he said, exclaimed, "Ho-borne! what ar you ar doin' e'ar?"

To fill up my time between sitters for portraits, of whom I soon had plenty at my studio, I made studies of London street children. For these I did not have the professional model, but the *gamin* pure and simple, and I went into the back streets and alleys, and sometimes to an infant school to collect them; calling on their mothers for permission to paint them, when I had made my choice, and they were always very pleased and proud to be asked.

No one knows, except those who have tried, what a difficult task it is to paint children: poor little things, the first time it is delightful, away from school, in a nice warm room, within reach of a gigantic bottle of sweets; but they soon get very tired, and hate having to sit still for even a few minutes. "Please 'm, I'm only going to stay a *very* little while," one mite used to say in a tearful voice every morning when she arrived; and "Look 'ere, I'm sick o' this; I should just loike you to be up 'ere, yer back would ache, I know," was a remark often addressed to me by the young gentleman who sat for me in my picture "The Queen's Birthday," whom I represented kneeling down to fire off a toy cannon. He told me his father was an "officer," and when I asked "a soldier, a policeman,

of what?" he replied, "He sweeps out an office, he does." He had a lively imagination, and one day announced, "I've got a pony, I have, to ride to school with a wet mornings." "Does your father ride it?" "No, mother does." Having seen his portly old mother, I took this for what it was worth, and suggested he should bring the pony for me to ride, "You can't, it don't like girls, it don't; the last girl as tried to ride it, it kicked her right over the pailings." This he thought was quite conclusive, and so did I when he told me he fed it on "hoats and milk." Knowing there was a children's Christmas dinner given in his parish, I asked him if he went, and he said, "No, we 'ad such a good tuck-out at home—roast beef, ducks, plum pudden, mince pies, happles and horanges." I having heard from his little sister what a meagre Christmas dinner they really had, said, "How can you tell me such a naughty story, Teddy?" with a very red face he said, "Only a-trying to 'ave yer."

The little girl who sat for me in the same picture, hugging her doll, had the rosiest, chubbiest little face, and yet she told me they never had meat except on Sundays, but one day in the week they had a jug of soup from the soup kitchen, and that had pieces of meat in sometimes; but she was never allowed to fetch it now, as once when she was sent she picked all the lumps out before she got home.

"Such a lot o' people live in our 'ouse," she told me, "seventeen of us; two *ladies* live in the cellars!" And her mother always went once a week to call on a *lady* who lived in the "workus." "Please 'm, father calls mother such wicked names," she suddenly informed me one day, and out came a string of dreadful epithets. "Hush," I interrupted, "you mustn't tell me those things." "Please 'm, he does,' she persisted; "and we all want father to die if mother didn't 'ave to pay for the coffin;"—so pathetic, and doubtless so true. This little person paid me a great compliment when she was looking at the picture. "May I put my finger in that little hole?" she asked, pointing to a rent I had painted in the sleeve of the boy's shirt in the foreground. I once had two children, a brother and sister (Billy and Jenny), to sit together, but it was a terrible ordeal, he was such a tease, and whenever I left the studio for a few minutes, on my return I was greeted with "Please 'm, he 's been a-spittin' on the carpet." My invitations to stay and have some food in the middle of the day called forth curious remarks. "Will you stop and have some turkey for dinner, Jenny?" "No, I don't like turkey, I don't; ain't it summat like rhubub?" Poor child, her only association with that name was in connection with the nasty medicine "turkey-rhubarb." Another time my invitation to lunch was refused "'cos we got

such a good dinner at 'ome." "What is it?" I inquired. "Dutch plates; 'aven't yer ever 'ad any of 'em? Yer get two such big 'uns in the market for sixpence." "Are they fish?" "Dunno', but they got 'eads and eyes, a tail and a back-bone, and I got a back-bone, and you got a back-bone, and so 's Billy, and so 's bloaters." Dutch plaice was what she was trying to explain. "Our Lil 's out o' place," I was told; "she 's a cooker, she is, and gets a shilling a week." "Is she a good cook?" "Oh! rather; she *can* fry sosingers and toast bloaters well"! My great difficulty was to get them sent in their shabby every-day clothes, their proud mothers would dress them up in their Sunday best; and little Billy, my model in "Primrose Day," would persist in wearing his best knicker-bockers, so one day I sent him home to put on his shabbiest, and he again returned without having changed, but brought a bag and out of it pulled his ragged ones, with, "Please 'm, I've brought 'em for you to put 'em on." To enable me to get the smiling expression on the faces of the children in "Primrose Day" I had to pander to the vanity of Jenny by asking everyone who saw her in my studio to say, "How pretty she looks when she smiles!" Her Sunday-school teacher told me she was one continuous simper at school for some time after I had painted her. A pleasing smile on Billy's face was only obtained by suddenly men-

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

tioning nice things to eat—jam tarts, sausage rolls, etc.—but it was a fleeting expression.

The children in my picture "The Queen's Birthday" were life-size, the canvas measuring six feet by four and a half, and when completed was hung in a splendid position in No. 3 room of the Royal Academy; and I received many commissions in consequence. "Primrose Day," after being hung in the Academy, was purchased by Mr. Haydon Hare, the publisher, and reproduced as an etching by Mr. Leopold Lowenstam, and some time after it was again exhibited in London, in St. James's Street; and I felt quite embarrassed one day, when walking down Bond Street, to meet a procession of sandwich men with "Now on view, Miss E. M Merrick's 'Primrose Day'" on their placards. Before it left London it was lent, to be draped with flags, to decorate a hall in which a Conservative banquet was held.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN painting portraits of busy men, like Sir William Savory, Sir Samuel Wilks, etc., I often engaged models on which to paint the coat, and a man came and offered himself at the unusually low price of sixpence an hour; but he was the dearest model I ever had, for he told me such a pitiful tale of his little child being run over by a cab, and his wife very ill at home, that I lent him fourteen shillings, and of course never saw him again. This man told me he had sat to Mr. Orchardson in his "Marriage of Convenience" (*Le mariage de convenance*), "where the lady had run away with the butler," which was the construction he gave to the subject; and he said he was sitting (he was a big muscular man) to another artist as a female figure clinging to the moon—"simboligh-a-cal of a hearthquake."

During the month Mr. Frank Dicksee was our visitor at the Academy Schools we had a Zulu model, a splendidly-made man, who when posing

looked like a magnificent bronze statue; his wrists and elbows, knees and ankles, had a sort of blue bloom on them: he was quite a character, spoke English perfectly, said he was the next heir to Cetewayo's throne, but seeing no chance of being elected king came to England to study medicine at University College Hospital. During one of the rests we saw him writing music, and when we inquired for what purpose, said he was composing a march for the Artist Volunteers, in which corps he seemed to take a deep interest; for another day we noticed he was studying a book of the anatomy of the horse, and he told us it was his great ambition to invent a mechanical horse on which to mount the Artist corps! He had a great fund of humour, Mr. Dicksee posed him holding in his right hand a spear, and to enable the model to get exactly the same position after resting, chalk marks were put round the feet. One day he mounted the raised dais, took up each leg and placed it exactly in the chalk marks, with his hands put his head into the right position, opened his eyelids with his forefinger, and with his left hand placed the spear in his right, then looked with a perplexed expression at his left, enough to say, "Who's to put that in its place?" Finally he blew hard at it; it fell to his side, and he stood for an hour without moving a muscle.

A stranger was one morning ushered into my studio, and wanted to see everything I had by me, and was not satisfied until I had unearthed a lot of old studies packed away as lumber. To my surprise he purchased six, at ten guineas each; and when I asked him what he was going to do with them, he replied, "Do with them, madam? I shall reproduce them;" and with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "They will be in every grocer's shop in the United Kingdom; in the meantime, if you can think of any other subjects suitable for 'Hudson's Extract of Soap,' 'Neaves' Infants' Food,' starch or blacking, I shall be extremely obliged to you." And with that he bowed himself out. Not long afterwards a reproduction of a study of two parrots I had sold him was sent to me, and printed above them on the card:

> "Pretty Polk was heard to say,
> 'Use every day Hudson's Extract of Soap.'"

When my picture "Primrose Day" was hanging in the Academy I happened to see Mr. Ruskin (whom I had met before) standing in front of it, and could not resist asking him to give me a criticism. I was dressed all in gray, and after looking intently at the painting, he turned and said, "Whose idea?" I answered, "Mine." He replied, "Charming, charming, charming; but

though gray is delightful in a costume, you may have a little too much of it in a picture." Very different to another criticism I had from an old sea painter on varnishing day of that year. He saw me touching up Mr. Marshall's portrait, and as he knew him, complimented me on the likeness, and asked, "Have you anything else here? If so, show them to me, as I like seeing pictures by *girls*." So I trotted him round to room No. 7 to see "Primrose Day." He looked at it, saying, "Yes, yes, very good for *you*; but if *I* had done it, it would be very bad!" Which amused me, as he has never been known to do anything but seas, and I do not think he could paint a figure if he tried.

One of the numerous difficulties a portrait painter has to contend with is to please equally all the sitter's friends, for it is curious what a different impression a face gives to those who see it every day and those who do not. "Ah! like all ladies, you flatter; you have not given my brother enough wrinkles." And shortly after I am told by the wife I have given him too many. I once had the painful task of opening a husband's eyes to the very few claims to beauty his wife possessed. He was a fine, handsome man, making a good picture, and his portrait gave general satisfaction; but she was a most difficult subject,

and I really think, until she sat for her portrait, he never realized how much she was changed from the fair-haired, pink and white little lady he had married more than twenty years before. Her colouring was gone, and she had not a single good feature. I tried to make the portrait as flattering as I dared, but her husband was not quite satisfied, so I suggested he should come and criticise during a sitting. "My dear Theresa! you *have* no eyebrows, and—yes—your eyes *are* very small and light, and your upper lip, dear, is very long, and you have no chin; but never mind, darling, you have a lovely *mind*," which was very sweet of him, but very difficult for me, as her mind was not very apparent in her utterly expressionless face.

Women so often ask me to "overlook" their double chins, and this of course makes it terribly difficult to get any likeness into the lower part of the face. "Everyone says you have not given me my pretty dimple" is a remark often made by those whose pretty dimples only appear when they are laughing; and one man complained I had not given his wife her *varied* expression.

> "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us!"

has often been my fervent wish. "Your eyes, I think, are hazel," I timidly suggested to one sitter,

thinking I was being quite complimentary. "Hazel? why, my dear Miss Merrick, they are the deepest violet, just like the fresh-plucked flower," was the indignant response.

I painted seven different dresses into one portrait before the devoted husband was satisfied, and into the face he wished me to put tenderness, cleverness, and obstinacy. A candid friend suggested I should have her favourite poodle in the room to gain the first expression, and her husband for the latter!

But in spite of all these difficulties I thoroughly enjoy having a portrait to paint, one gets so interested in one's sitter; and I have been so fortunate in having so many clever, entertaining, and charming ones, and have felt quite as sorry when the sittings were over as they very kindly have told me that they were.

One charming and pretty woman whose portrait I painted proved to be a second Mrs. Malaprop. She told me her husband "hob-nailed" with everybody and told such "cotton wool" stories; that a girl she knew was training to be an "archdeacon" (deaconess); that she was obliged to part with her coachman because he was such a "gay Othello"; that she had had indiarubber "tiles" put on the wheels of her carriage; that a man she knew was a regular "marmoset" in his own house; and a certain

title always descended from uncle to nephew, as they invariably died "childish."

Although the first picture I exhibited in the Academy was a landscape, I have never cared for that branch of the art so much as figures, but have several times attempted it for the sake of competing in the prizes given in the schools. Once when I was tramping along in the country with my paint box and easel; an old village woman shouted after me, "Hoigh! if I could afford it I'd be took," but looking on her in the light of a model, I told her I should pay *her*, she would not have to pay *me;* at this she seemed much puzzled, and walked away saying, "Then I don't understand yer business." Another old woman told me she wished so much I would paint her son who was in India; but I asked her how I could, if he was so far away, and she answered that that was just the reason why she wanted his portrait, for she was very proud of him as he was amongst the "*rals.*" Asking for an explanation of this term, she said he was either a *general*, or an *admiral*, or a *corporal*, she was not quite sure which. The curiosity of a picturesque old lady I persuaded to sit to me by her cottage door was so great, that just after I had painted in her head she got up to look at it, and exclaimed indignantly, "If I had been dead a hundred years I should not be as ugly as that," and nothing would induce her to sit again.

The clergyman in a village where I was sketching preached rather advanced sermons to his little congregation, and he told me that after a sermon implying that he did not believe in everlasting punishment, two yokels coming out of church were heard to say, "Oi soy Bill, if there beant no hell where *are* we to go to?"

CHAPTER III.

WHILE I was still a student of the Royal Academy an opportunity occurred of my going to Egpyt with some old friends. The voyage in one of the P. and O. steamers was, to me, perfectly delightful. Being a good sailor, and always on deck, every bit of coast line, every island, every sunset, and every porpoise that was to be seen, I saw.

We stopped first at Gibraltar. Arriving in the early morning, and knowing officers quartered there, we speedily gained permission to see the galleries, which are most interesting, holes for the guns being cut out of the solid rock. We looked down over the plot of neutral ground dividing English from Spanish territory; picked wild narcissi growing on the side of the hill, disturbing the wild monkeys disporting themselves in the sun; then, after seeing the one-hundred-ton gun, made our way to the fruit and flower market, which was a blaze of

colour, and peopled with all nations, so it seemed to me—Moors, Algerians, Spaniards, Negroes, with the scarlet tunic of our own soldiers appearing here and there. We returned to our ship laden with roses, and in a short time were steaming along the sapphire, sunlit Mediterranean. We were a most cheery party on board, the dear little Maharanee of Kuch Behar and her suite being of the greatest interest to us all. I made a small sketch of Her Highness, reclining in her long bamboo deck-chair, draped in lovely Indian embroideries; and she was so original and amusing, and delighted when I gave her the little sketch, which she said was very flattering, but it really was not. She most kindly asked me to go on to India and stay with her in Calcutta, and although I felt sorely tempted to do so, I had to refuse, having made my plans to winter in Egypt.

Malta we next reached, so picturesque with its snow-white battlements and towers rising perpendicularly out of the intense blue of the sea. Here again we landed, being rowed ashore in a gracefully-built little boat, painted bright green, and a gondola-shaped bow, of which dozens were swarming round the ship waiting for hire. We were met on shore by a long array of little carriages, looking like small four-post beds on wheels, with curtains caught back at each corner. We

rattled in one of these through the massive gateways and across the drawbridges to the Strada Reale; went into the splendid Church of St. John, where lie all the knights of Malta; saw the solid silver gates to one of the chapels; on to the Palace, with its lovely tapestry and armoury and the marble corridor adjoining the ball-room, where, our guide said, "all the ladies and gentlemens sit when H.E. the Governor gives a ball." How many times since then have I sat there after most enjoyable dances, and secretly wished the marble was not quite so highly polished! for I have since spent a whole winter in Malta. From the Palace we went to the guard-room opposite, the plastered walls of which are covered with sketches made by the officers, who are on guard there for twenty-four hours. Our showman was a courteous young officer in the Cameron Highlanders, and some of the sketches were wonderfully clever and very realistic, notably so a coat and cap hanging on a peg, which has often deceived a new-comer into attempting to hang his cap also there. Some have whiled away the dreary hours by bursting forth into verse, of which I give a specimen:

"When marching on the Palace Square,
With shouldered arms and vacant stare,
The first thing that now greets you there
Is 'Guard, turn out.'

"The old guard having marched away,
You settle down to pass the day
With book and pipe as best you may,
When 'Guard, turn out.'

"Oh, d—n that awful sentry's cry,
That brings you out so hurriedly,
With gloves half on and cap awry;
The general is passing by,
So it's 'Guard, turn out.'

"At intervals throughout the day
That blessed sentry shouts away,
As if he'd nothing else to say,
'Guard, turn out.'

To governor, bishop, and armed corps,
As well as generals galore,
Armed parties, and to half a score
Of other kinds of awful bore,
'Tis 'Guard, turn out.'

"Nor yet at night d'you get repose;
Just as you're settled for a doze
The sentry bellows all he knows,
'Guard, turn out.'

"Off you scuttle down the stair
To find 'Grand rounds' are waiting there,
Then back again to curse and swear;
You've had enough and do not care
What happens next—it isn't fair
To place the island in your care.
'Guard, turn out.'

"Reveillé sounds and up you get,
Your duties are not over yet;

But keenly now you're looking out
For your relief both strong and stout,
At last you hear a joyful shout
Of 'Guard, turn out.'"

On leaving the guard-room we went to the Baracca, a stone balcony which overlooks the fine natural harbour, where the Mediterranean fleet lies anchored; the sun was setting, tinting all the surrounding buildings a pale rose colour. And we waited there till the salute was fired at sunset, and every flag on the battleships was lowered. We dined at one of the hotels, in an open courtyard ablaze with many-coloured flowers and waving palms; and after had a box at the beautiful Opera House, seeing H.H. the Maharanee in the royal box with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who came on board our ship to meet her on her arrival.

We sailed again at daybreak, our next halting-place being Brindisi. One often hears this little town described as uninteresting, but there is much of interest there if one only knows where to look for it; and I have spent more than one happy day in walking to the fort outside the town, and visiting the really lovely vineyard, not very far from the landing-stage, which I have seen laden with grapes, and the peach trees crowded with fruit. The mails came on board here, and as we saw them being carried up in huge sealed sacks

for India, Australia, etc., we wondered how many hearts would be gladdened, and how many saddened, by their contents. Almost before the last bag had been delivered we felt the throb of the engines once more, and off we started for Port Said.

It is populated, they say, by the scum of the earth; and really one does not find it hard to believe, for the moment we arrive the ship is surrounded by shouting, gesticulating, villainous-looking Arabs in their blue galabeyahs or smocks, and the red fez, or white turban twisted round it. Some are soon on board, selling cigarettes, dates, bits of mummies, and Turkish delight; as I was informed that the latter was made of dead donkey, I was not tempted to buy. Then comes the old Egyptian juggler, with his cries of "Yalla, yalla. Coom devil, coom devil," and soon a little ring of passengers gather round him on the deck. He kneels on a little bit of shabby carpet and commences operations; occasionally addresses some of his audience by name, calling the plainest lady he can see "Mrs. Langtry," and making any shy, retiring youth still more bashful by appealing to him as "Mr. Consul." He brought all his stock-in-trade out of a pouch made by having his galabeyah tied round the waist by a cord, and my heart ached for a little white rabbit which was tumbled out with all the other

paraphernalia, apparently for no reason but to divert our attention by asking, "Where's that rabbit?" Every now and then an egg, or a two-shilling piece, would be drawn from its nose. Some of his tricks were remarkably clever, but *he* seemed to enjoy the last one most: "Have you a cigarette, sar?" he asked all the men, and having collected about a dozen, pocketed them and walked away, saying, "That very good trick."

Coaling was the next operation, and, *nolens volens*, we had to fly on shore to escape the coal dust everywhere; and a more weird sight, especially when it takes place at night, cannot be imagined. Hundreds of black figures laden with sacks are to be seen running up and down the planks connecting the ship with the coal barge, all making a sort of wailing noise, supposed to be singing, and when seen by the flickering light of torches placed on the barge is more like a scene out of Dante's "Inferno" than anything else.

Although there are so many ugly and repulsive faces in Port Said, there was, when I passed through, one most lovely English one, known far and wide as the "Star of the East"; and more than once I have lunched with her and her husband, who is stationed there officially, in their charming house, close to where our ship was anchored. Exquisitely fair "and most divinely tall," no wonder the late

Khedive always called her "Cleopatra"; and I once asked a dragoman if he had seen her when up the Nile, his reply was "She is glory," throwing his hands towards heaven, "She is Cleopatra," than which no greater compliment could be paid by an Arab. I have often heard a hum of admiration follow her entrance into a crowded ball-room at Cairo, and praises of her beauty are always followed by the remark, from those who know her, "And she is just as good as she looks."

After we had coaled, we glided on slowly down the Suez Canal, occasionally having to draw up in a siding to let some insignificant little vessel or some big transport pass, a hearty cheer ringing out as our own sailors or soldiers glided by. We were fortunate in seeing a mirage, and it was very difficult to realize that the lovely lake we could see distinctly far away in the desert was only an optical delusion.

At Ismailia we came to the end of our voyage, and felt quite sad to say "Good-bye" to the many friends we had made on board who were bound for India. The accommodation at Ismailia is poor, and so is the town; but we hired donkeys and trotted out into the country, past the Khedive's palace, and saw many picturesque bits, and the most glorious sunset I have ever seen: but perhaps I thought so because it was my first experience of

the gorgeous and changing colour of the Egyptian after-glow. Our railway journey to Cairo was a very dusty one, but the little glimpses of Eastern life we passed—the shepherd walking in front of his sheep, the women drawing water at the wells, the yoked oxen, the Bedouins with their caravans and strings of camels—seemed to take us straight into Bible history.

CHAPTER IV.

ON our arrival we went to Shepheard's Hotel, and for the first few days I found it difficult to tear myself away from the fascinating verandah, which overlooks the street, for everything of interest seems to pass by there—wedding processions, with the bride's carriage covered with Persian rugs and draperies, jealously guarding her from the eyes of the curious, the bridegroom, in gorgeous garments, following on his Arab, with all the relations and friends, the whole procession being headed by what seemed to me a most discordant band—but I was told my ear was not sufficiently educated to appreciate it!—as all Arab music is in the minor key; funerals, with the corpse carried on a little wooden bed, only covered by a sheet, so that you could see distinctly the form underneath, followed by the hired wailing-women giving little sort of barking shrieks; Egyptian, Soudanese, and English troops marching out to the desert to a review; the Khe-

dive's or Lord Cromer's carriages dashing by, with the graceful runners flying along in front, in gold embroidered zouaves and white draperies, carrying long white wands, and shouting to clear the way for their august masters. It was always a moving scene, and the novelty of dresses and faces perfectly enchanting. But when I went into the bazaars I was even more charmed, and could quite agree with one of the Royal Academicians, who told me I should find a picture at every corner. I made many rapid sketches there, and often before I could reach my room with them on my return to the hotel they were sold. Water-carriers, with their quaint water-skins and brass cups, which they banged together; Bedouins on their camels; donkeys, with the attendant donkey-boy—I made them all sit for their portraits, with more or less success. And in making sketches in Cairo I nearly always found the Arabs kind and courteous, anxious to lend me a chair; and sometimes, in the bazaars, inviting me to sit inside their little shops out of the way of the inquisitive crowd which always gathered round, and bringing me a cup of Persian tea or coffee. "Backsheesh" was very often asked if I was suspected of making a sketch of one of them, but they always were amused and laughed if I suggested they should give *me* "backsheesh" for painting *them*.

One evening, there being a big *fête* in the bazaars, we were escorted by two or three English officers in uniform, who guided our little party through the dense crowd. I, being at the tail end of the procession, found, to my surprise, a tall Arab following me, and keeping off the crowd by spreading out his hands on each side, not liking to see a lady jostled; I was quite sorry, after a short visit to one of the shops in the carpet bazaar, to miss my kind and thoughtful friend. An Arab seldom expresses any surprise, and the only time I have ever seen them look astonished was at a picnic given up the Nile to the officers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who took their pipers with them, and sitting in their kilts on donkeys they piped across the desert. This very unusual sight caused quite a sensation, and the Arabs actually turned round to stare, a thing you never scarcely see them do.

The Egyptian donkey-boy is quite a study in character, very quick at repartee, and often speaking several languages. A pretty woman told me she was once riding a donkey from the Sphinx, when the boy, looking at her very intently, said, "You berry beautiful, you berry sweet face," and she confessed to feeling quite pleased and flattered with this discriminating donkey-boy, until he followed up his remark with "Dis berry good donkey, dis donkey

name 'Lily Langtry,' he berry beautiful, he berry sweet face."

The wedding of a Cairo lady to an Egyptian officer was described to me by a friend who was present with a few other English ladies. The day before the ceremony the bride-elect, dressed in white satin, received all her female friends, and in the evening a banquet was spread, a whole roast lamb being placed on each table, the flesh of which was mostly torn off, as knives and forks were scarce; no wine was given, but a vessel of water on each table and a quantity of sweetmeats.

The little bride, who was very pretty, was questioned as to her future husband's appearance, but she told my friend she had never really seen him; but once, through a screen, she had caught a glimpse of his back, with which she was not at all prepossessed, as he was short and very fat. The day after the banquet, dressed in pink satin and veiled, she was driven in a carriage covered with rugs and draperies to the bridegroom's house; he met her at the entrance and asked her to enter, but she refused until the third time, when she reluctantly descended from the carriage, and at that moment a bullock was killed on the top of the steps, and the blood pouring down she had to step across it to enter the house. All the afternoon she sat on a sort of throne to receive the bridegroom's

female relations, and about nine o'clock a tremendous sound of beating of drums and shouting was heard, and the eunuchs rushed in to say "the bridegroom cometh." He entered and stood before his bride, then knelt in front of her for a few moments as if in prayer, and on rising slowly raised each corner of her veil and looked at her for the first time, she sitting with downcast eyes; he then placed a pile of presents on the table near, and all the guests withdrew.

Of course we went soon after our arrival to see the Pyramids, and nothing of human workmanship is quite so impressive as those stupendous masses of stone. The height of the great Pyramid of Cheops is four hundred and eighty-two feet, or twelve feet higher than the cross on the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. It originally covered thirteen acres, though it has now been reduced by the spoliation of time to eleven. We were most energetic in climbing to the top and going inside that same day. Two Arabs helped me up the huge stones, one on each side, and I was told I required a third behind to give an occasional push, but when I found this gentleman was holding on to my dress to help him up and a large skin of water he was carrying to sell at the top, I remonstrated. He said, "I push, I push;" "No," I answered, "you pull, you pull," and declined his further services. The view from the summit is

a very extensive one, but the Arabs were much more anxious we should look at an "A. E.," which they declared the Prince of Wales had cut in the stone when he ascended the Pyramid. I wonder if he did; anyway we did not follow his example. The descent is much worse than the ascent, and one envied the Arabs, who skipped down from one huge stone to another as if they were running down stairs; however, we managed it all right. And then there was the interior to explore, which is oh, so stuffy! and the lights which the guides carried disturbed the bats, who dashed about in every direction. We went stooping down a low, narrow passage, and then up a very long steep one of polished granite, with no steps to help, into the lofty "King's Chamber," which contains an enormous empty stone sarcophagus. I descended the slippery granite passage with a rush, and did not realize until I reached the bottom that I had done so sitting on an Arab's knee with my arm round his neck! The combined smell of bats, tallow candles, and Arabs made us all delighted to get out again into the fresh desert air.

The Sphinx is most impressive, mutilated as it is. It stands solemn and silent in the presence of the desert, symbol of eternity, and if its lips could speak they might utter the words, "before Abraham was I am;" there it disputes with time the empire of

the past, gazing on and on into a future which will still be distant when we, like all the millions who have preceded us, have lived our little lives and disappeared. It is doubly impressive when seen by moonlight, for then the marks of age seem effaced, and the beauty of its calm, inscrutable expression is marvellous; I overheard an American say that was the only time in Egypt he felt inclined to "enthoose."

I have seen the Pyramids under many aspects since that first visit, once surrounded by our soldiers, when General Sir James Dormer had a field day there, with an attacking and defending force; he, in his gallant way, deferring the advance an hour later than he otherwise would have done, so that the *ladies* might be there to see; and when the huge old pile had been rescued from the invaders we were invited by the different regiments to luncheon in their tents erected in the desert. I have been driven there with a tandem, and also on the Mena House coach, before it became public property, and remember being much impressed by the English groom playing quite difficult tunes on the coaching horn, and on inquiring how it was done was told, "You just think, miss, as you've got a 'air on your hupper lip and try and spit it off;" a most excellent lesson, by which I have since profited.

There is so much to be seen in Cairo that it

becomes quite hard work to those who do not care for perpetual sight-seeing, and yet you felt bound to see everything, or you would be told most probably the one thing you had missed was the finest sight in Egypt. There is the ostrich farm, quite a novelty in the way of farms to Europeans; the Virgin's tree, with its wide-spreading branches, in a lovely orange grove, under which the Blessed Virgin Mary is supposed to have rested; the petrified forest; the howling Dervishes, who perform these religious rites once a week in an unpretentious little mosque in old Cairo, waving their bodies from side to side, and backwards and forwards, with their long hair touching the ground each way, making a wild howling noise, till some seem seized with a sort of frenzy, and have to be patted on the back and shaken before they will desist, a most repulsive sight. The dancing Dervishes are much pleasanter to witness; they wear high hats like inverted flower-pots, and very full skirts, and as they keep whirling round and round to the music of an Arab band, with a scarcely perceptible movement of the feet and their arms raised, their skirts fly out almost as if they are stiffened. I believe some of them dance on like this until they drop.

There are numberless mosques to be visited—some grand and imposing, others little gems of colouring, with their lovely coloured glass and

exquisite tiles. Far above most of the others, on the summit of a hill commanding a magnificent view, not only of Cairo, but the desert, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx, stands the Alabaster Mosque of Mahomet Ali; its well-proportioned domes rest lightly one upon another like beautifully rounded clouds, while its slender marble minarets rise against the blue sky, looking, when tinged with the glow of the sunset, like silver lances tipped with points of gold. Close by is the massive Citadel fortress, where there is generally an English regiment quartered, the King's Own Scottish Borderers entertaining most royally when I was there. But gloomy memories surround the Citadel, for there in 1811 occurred the massacre of the Mamelukes by order of Mahomet Ali. He invited them to a banquet in the fortress, and four hundred and seventy came magnificently attired; but hardly had they entered the courtyard, when the gates were closed behind, and a murderous fire was opened on them; unable to escape, they all fell, with the exception of one man, who spurred his horse over his dead comrades and forced him to leap from the parapet to the plain below; it was a fearful distance, and the spot where the leap was taken is still shown; but, by a miracle, he fell unhurt, though his horse was killed under him, and he escaped across the desert.

Then there is the museum in the beautiful Ghizeh

Palace Gardens, with its wonderful treasures. A weird fascination always drew me to the room where the royal mummies lie unrolled in hermetically-sealed glass cases; and yet it seems very sad that all these great kings and queens of Egypt, including the all-powerful Pharaoh, Rameses the Great, with his cruel but kingly features, should be lying there exposed to the gaze and often slighting remarks of hundreds of globe-trotters, many of whom are from a country that was not discovered until thousands of years after their death. If this is the result of such extreme care in preserving the dead, better dust to dust, better cremation, than this ultimate dishonour.

A strange story relating to a mummy I heard while in Egypt. Two friends went elephant shooting in Africa, and on their way up the Nile one bought a mummy and sent it home to his friends in England: they, not liking to keep it in their house, sent it to a museum, where it was unrolled. The two went on with their shooting, and the purchaser of the mummy was trampled to death by a wounded and infuriated elephant; his friend buried him then and there in the sand, but put as many heavy stones as he could collect in the grave, to prevent the body being desecrated by jackals, etc. A few weeks afterwards the mother of his friend wrote and asked him to bring the body home; he

returned to the grave, only to find a few bones lying here and there all over the desert. When the mummy was unrolled, on its chest was found a tablet, and written in hieroglyphics: "Cursed be the man who moves my bones; he shall die young and of a violent death, and his bones shall be scattered to the winds." This story was afterwards corroborated by my meeting the sister of the survivor.

CHAPTER V.

AS I was armed with a large packet of introductions, I was soon in that whirl of gaiety for which Cairo is famous, and the balls given by the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Dorset Regiment, Lady Grenfell and Lady Dormer, were all most enjoyable, especially a fancy ball at the latter, where the Misses Dormer and the Ladies Evelyn and Muriel Murray and four officers danced, most gracefully, a tarantella in costume. But those given by Lady Cromer were, I think, the most lovely, the whole house being artistically arranged with Eastern hangings and palms, and subdued lights. At twelve o'clock huge velvet curtains were drawn aside at the end of the ball-room by two tall Indian servants in white and gold, and disclosed a white marble terrace leading to an enormous tent, so lofty that three or four full-sized palm trees were enclosed; the tent, which, after the manner of all in Egypt, was made of embroidered cloths, was illuminated

by large glass chandeliers. The effect from the terrace when the guests were seated for supper, with the blaze of diamonds, lovely dresses, handsome uniforms, and the Oriental servants, suggested a scene in "The Arabian Nights." At the balls given by H.H. the Khedive at Abdeen Palace there are generally about eight hundred guests, and not much dancing, as the ball-room has a drugget stretched over a Turkey carpet; but there is much to be seen in the endless reception rooms, all leading into the lovely winter garden in the centre. I was amused at supper to see some of the Arab guests pocketing as much as they could, and eating jelly with their fingers. Her Highness the Khediviah looks through a gauze door to watch the guests, she being, like all high-class women in the East, a *purdah* lady, and not allowed to be seen by any man but her husband. When I was painting the wife of the late Khedive Tewfik, she told me that she had asked a lady to *arrange a flirtation* at the ball, near her gauze door, so that she could see what it was like.

A very different function I attended was a serjeants' ball. I was invited by the colonel to dine and go on to the dance afterwards, with a party of officers and their wives. I had no sooner entered the ball-room, when a portly serjeant in the Irish Rifles bounced up to me and said, "Give us

a dance, miss." I said I would; and he inquired if I had got a "list," and when I replied in the negative, dashed off to get a programme. "What 's your name? my name 's Fife," was our introduction, and at the appointed time he arrived and armed me off; it was a quadrille, and I shall never forget it, it seemed to be one continual twirl, and when in a pause of the twirling I remarked it was rather a warm evening, he replied, "H—— hot, miss." I was relieved, but a little hurt, when, after the dance, he at once took me back to my seat, made a bow, and left me; but I afterwards learnt this was the etiquette at a serjeants' ball. The contingent from the officers' quarters left early, but before our departure I had one dance with the adjutant, it was the D'Albert, called by the soldiers the "Dee Alberts," and is a most complicated performance, being a mixture of Quadrille, Lancers, and Caledonians all in one; being at a loss how to proceed in one figure, my partner asked the soldier on his right—"Just the same as last figure, sir," was the reply, "only this time I swings your lady, and you swings mine."

When I had been about a month in Cairo I was invited by Johnson Pasha and his wife to go with them in one of the Government steamers up the Nile, and I spent a most delightful three weeks gliding slowly up that historical river and seeing

the wonderful ruins with which its banks are studded; and as Johnson Pasha was on inspection duty, we stayed at all sorts of little out-of-the-way towns which the ordinary tourist would not see, and everywhere had an escort of Egyptian police, in their smart uniform of blue with yellow facings, and they successfully kept at bay all the numerous beggars and venders of *modern* antiquities with which the banks of the Nile are infested.

One of the first tombs we saw was the tomb of Tih, built about B.C. 3500, and yet the bas-reliefs on the walls look as if chiselled only the day before; and in some places you can even see where the chisel had slipped; they are beautifully drawn, and portray the life of the founder—how his fields were ploughed, his game shot, his food cooked, etc., etc., and every here and there his portrait, with Mrs. Tih, much smaller than himself, sitting on the floor clasping his left leg, and ten little Tihs sitting behind.

Not far from here is the Serapeum, or Mausoleum of the Sacred Bulls, filled with huge sarcophagi, but all empty, some covered with hieroglyphics, others quite plain. In a mummy case of a famous Egyptian lawyer a roll of papyrus was found on which was recorded a lawsuit which had taken place about one of these sacred bulls: Two maiden ladies had one in charge, and a certain amount of

money was allowed them by the Government for his keep. This bull died, and six months elapsed before a black one with a square spot of white on the forehead (which was imperative for a sacred bull) could be found; the Government sued the ladies for the money paid during those six months, but the lawyer gained the case for them, and was so proud of his success that the record was buried with him.

We were told of one tomb in which, when first opened, the footprints of the slaves who carried the corpse in thousands of years before could plainly be seen on the sand. In the tomb of Seti I., B.C. 1366—which is one of the tombs of the Kings of Thebes, which are hewn out of the solid rock in a wild and stony valley—the walls of the chamber which hold the sarcophagus, as well as the long passage leading to it, are covered with paintings referring to the life of the king in the "under world," and in one of the side chambers I noticed the outline of the designs had been sketched in indifferently in red, and the master designer had evidently made corrections in black, and they are still unfinished. The enormous granite obelisk lying prone in the quarries at Assouan is another unfinished work left by the ancient Egyptians.

I cannot attempt to describe in detail the splendid old temples, some still left with the roofs

intact, which nearly every day we passed and visited—it requires a far abler pen than mine; but I must cursorily mention Abydos, with one of its temples containing the tablet of seventy-six kings of Egypt, from Menes, B.C. 4400, to Seti I., B.C. 1366, the father of the great Rameses II.; the temple of Denderah, which we were told was quite modern (A.D. 35!)—a majestic monument, and wonderfully preserved, the famous portraits of Cleopatra and Cæsarion, her son, appearing on one of the exterior walls; Karnak, with its avenue of sphinxes and its glorious hall of columns, and the poem and inscriptions on its walls showing it was in existence B.C. 2000; the Colossi at Thebes, two statues sixty feet high, which once stood at the entrance of a temple but are now surrounded by cornfields—one is the famous Colossus of Memnon, from which a musical sound was said to issue every morning at the rising of the sun; Medinet Aboo, the temple of Tothmes II., inside which the early Christians built a chapel, the columns still standing, and in an upper chamber of the temple, difficult to reach, is depicted the king playing at chess with the ladies of the court.

I made a few sketches, but more time was required than I could give to do justice to the subjects. I met Lord Carlisle at Luxor, and Mr. Newman at the lovely island of Philæ, making most careful

and elaborate pictures, spending months on one small painting; and as there is a probability of Philæ, with its exquisite temple, being submerged, it is well to have such a faithful record of its beauties as Mr. Newman's pictures will be. We were rowed back from Philæ to Assouan, shooting the first cataract, not nearly such an exciting performance as it sounds.

On one of our excursions to the temples, riding as usual on donkeys, we were overtaken by a party of Cook's excursionists, and as an American dashed past me he shouted out, "Ain't it sport riding on a jackass?" That class of gentleman abounds up the Nile among the tourists; and I remember one, with whom we had a very casual acquaintance, remarking to me when I was feeling rather seedy at Assouan, "Wal, you do look a worm. Guess Egypt don't suit you. You'll go home in a box likely." American expressions sound very funny to our ears. I heard a woman on Shepheard's verandah describing a bonnet she had seen in church as being "real lovely; nothing but a wreath of bugs (butterflies) and an osprey."

On my return to Cairo I began to work in earnest on a large picture of two little Arab children begging for "backsheesh," and shall always remember gratefully the great help the surgeon of Kaiser-il-ain Hospital gave me: he found me my

two little models, had dresses made for them the colour I wished, and actually had a corner of a private room in the hospital painted a suitable shade for the background; his dog-cart was sent every day to Shepheard's Hotel to fetch me, with the attendant runner, or *sais*, who was anxious to dash along in front to clear the way, but I felt much too insignificant for that performance, and made him unwillingly sit behind.

If English children are difficult to paint I found Arabs doubly so. I could not speak enough Arabic to even tell them how to stand, and it had all to be done by gesticulation; but they were very good on the whole. One morning one accidentally knocked over a large water jar which I was painting, and broke it all to pieces; and, poor little thing, her evident fear of a beating made her fall at my feet and kiss them, looking up at me with the most imploring eyes, not in the least understanding why I gave her piastres instead of a scolding; but money did not give them half the pleasure that a lot of red and white sugar effigies did—grotesque things you can buy in the bazaars—and when I gave them some they literally danced for joy.

CHAPTER VI.

TO the kind interest of Sir Hamilton Lang, who showed his portrait which I had painted to the Khedive, I owe the honour of receiving a commission from His Highness to paint the Khediviah. This was a most unique experience, and intensely interesting, it being my first peep into a royal harem. It was arranged that the Countess della Sala, a Russian princess by birth, and wife of one of the aides-de-camp to the Khedive, should always accompany me to the Palace; and with her splendid pair of black Russian horses she dashed up punctually every day to the hotel to convey me and my paint-box to the Kobreh Palace, which stands a few miles out of Cairo, and where the portrait was commenced. On our arrival at the gates we were received by two tall eunuchs, who escorted us through the gardens, passing on our way the Khedive's jester, a dwarf, in a grotesque costume, making comical grimaces. We went up a flight of

marble steps to a large bay window, through which we entered, little hands appearing round the curtains to relieve me of my paint-box and canvas; and when the curtains were closed after our entrance, I saw a crowd of women slaves jabbering in an excited way to the Countess. They were very slatternly dressed in loose black jackets or coloured jerseys, shabby petticoats, white stockings, black shoes down at heel, unkempt hair tied up with narrow strips of red or white flannel, and not one good-looking one amongst them. It was a fine spacious room, plenty of large gilt mirrors in every direction, but all the chairs and couches covered in brown holland, a very flowery carpet and glittering glass candelabra, but nothing homelike or tasteful in its arrangement.

After waiting a few minutes a stout lady entered in a blue and white cashmere dressing-gown, and by the little court courtesy the Countess della Sala gave on shaking hands I guessed it was Her Highness, and was presented. She was speaking in French, and complaining, in a whining voice, that she had a bad cold in her head, and did not think it would be a propitious day for me to begin the portrait; but I explained that for the first sitting the unbecoming effects of a cold would not signify, and I commenced the picture. She was deeply interested in my folding easel, paint-box, etc.,

and wanted to help me squeeze my paints on to my palette. Being a Circassian princess she was very fair for an Oriental, with large luminous dark eyes and very pretty features, all dimples when she smiled; but her beauty was spoilt by being so enormously stout, and as I was asked to "overlook" her double chins it was rather difficult to make a faithful likeness.

Generally, when sitting, she kicked off her shoes, and I found her, like most people who lead aimless lives, very difficult to keep quiet for even half an hour; she much preferred to run to the looking-glass and try on the Countess della Saia's hat, or ring for the chief of the eunuchs, and give him lengthy instructions in Persian, at the end of which he always knelt and kissed the hem of her dress; or to send messages by two little mites of slaves, who stood near with their hands reverently folded across their breasts, and whom she called "La Cigale" and "La Fourmi." Sometimes she called for iced milk and raw eggs, breaking the latter and sucking them; and once, after a very short sitting, she begged me to excuse her, as she had an engagement, and ran off delighted, like a child given a holiday, to drive into the desert with the ladies of the harem, in closed carriages and veiled, to eat sweetmeats and Turkish delight—so little amuses these Eastern women; but I have heard her com-

plain of the enforced monotony of her life, which she doubtless felt more than most of her companions, being more highly educated.

Very often a party of Arab ladies came to call, and their reception was most curious: they sat in a ring all round her on the floor and said nothing, and very occasionally, in the pauses of her conversation with the Countess or me, she would throw a casual remark to one of them. Sometimes they were invited to inspect the portrait, and they showed their approbation by clapping their hands and patting me vigorously on the back, saying, "Bravo, bravo." Two very dull-looking princesses called one afternoon, and I was afterwards told that their mother, who had been very cruel to them, had died a few months before, and they were not allowed to smile for a year; they already looked as if they had forgotten the way.

Sometimes we stayed to luncheon at the Palace, and a place was laid for Her Highness, with a lovely glass goblet, embossed with her monogram and crown in gold. It is not etiquette for her to eat with the Khedive; but she seldom had lunch, as she was "banting"; and it was wise, for the dishes were endless, and some very quaint, but delicious. The little princesses always lunched with us.

The last sittings for the portrait were given in the Abdeen Palace at Cairo, and I found the slaves

much smarter in their attire there: the flannel bindings to their hair were replaced by wreaths of small flowers; the black shoes by embroidered coloured ones; the shabby skirts by coloured silks and muslins; but they never looked picturesque, as one imagined the inmates of a royal harem would be, and they were all so plain; but I heard if the Khediye casually admired one she was dismissed at once.

When the portrait was completed the Khediviah gazed at it earnestly for a few moments; then, turning to me with a smile, said, "It is Emina"—which was her pretty name. She wished to have it photographed, and when the eunuch came to announce the photographer it was curious to see the thirty or forty slaves and the Khediviah dart away, like rabbits into their holes, at the approach of a man, and I was left standing alone; and I could hear Her Highness laughing softly behind a curtain when the photographer was admiring the portrait.

I was glad she had consented to be painted in her Oriental dress of gold-embroidered muslin, and strings and strings of lovely pearls round her neck and in her hair, instead of one of her Parisian costumes, which were not nearly so becoming, and which she always wore at her fortnightly receptions for the English and French ladies of Cairo. I at-

tended one or two of these receptions, which were very formal, Her Highness receiving on a small throne, chairs for the visitors being placed in a semicircle, and Turkish coffee handed round in jewelled cups by the slaves in their smartest clothes, and the Vice-Reine, whose manners were charming, so sweet and yet so dignified, addressed each visitor in turn, always speaking French.

The portrait when finished, and put into a very handsome crowned frame, was placed in the room, and Her Highness told me that one lady, meaning to please her, had said "it was not very flattering." Her reply was, "Is it necessary, madame, for a good portrait to be flattering?"

A previous portrait, that had been painted of Her Highness from a photograph, I was asked to alter, as it was a terrible libel: her eyes were crooked, her double chins and her stoutness exaggerated—a large crinoline not helping to improve her figure. It had been purchased at an enormous price, to prevent the artist exhibiting it all over Europe, as he threatened, as a faithful representation of the Vice-Reine of Egypt. It was not an easy task to make it into a presentable picture. My work was rewarded by quite a long roll of golden coins and a beautiful cashmere shawl. The Khediviah always spoke of the Khedive with the greatest affection, and was evidently very proud of being his

only wife; and I was very grieved to hear, so soon after I had painted her, of her sad loss, for to lose him, as she did, in the prime of life, must have been a most terrible blow.

CHAPTER VII.

HE arrival of Mr. Henry M. Stanley from darkest Africa was quite a memorable event while I was in Cairo, and the day he arrived was remarkable for being one of the wettest ever known there. The torrents of rain which had fallen since the previous night made all the streets into rivers, and as rain in that quantity seldom falls in Egypt there are no appliances for drainage. The water was two feet deep, and planks had to be put from Mr. Stanley's carriage to the fourth step leading to the verandah of Shepheard's Hotel; and when he stepped out, followed by his four handsome followers—Dr. Parke, Captain Nelson, Captain Stairs, and Mr. Jephson—I was a little disappointed to see how short a man Stanley was. Great was my delight the following day to receive a commission from one of his old friends to paint his portrait; and as he told me he was only going to stay quite a short time in Egypt, I lost no time in securing my first sitting for a half-

length portrait, holding in his hand the staff that helped him across Africa. "Take care of my eyes, for Stanley's eyes are known all over the world," was one of the first requests he made; and when the sitting was over and I had left, he placed the portrait and a large looking-glass side by side to compare, and made notes of the alterations he would like; and when I next came, solemnly presented me with a piece of paper on which was written, "Nose not straight enough, forehead too low, hair too gray," etc. Sometimes he was quite silent, at others most entertaining, relating his experiences; but I must say he was rather an impatient sitter, and when he had given me about eight sittings of an hour, he suddenly said he could spare no more time, as he had already given me enough to write hundreds of pages of his book; I must therefore do his hands from imagination, and hang his trousers over the back of a chair to do his legs. I fought hard to get him to sit for his hands, explaining that there was as much character in them as in a face; but he was obdurate, and said, as I evidently had no imagination, I must get some one else to sit for them; so I suggested his black boy Sali! Finally I got the hands of an old soldier into the portrait. One day a correspondent of a Belgian paper came to interview him during a sitting, making many impertinent inquiries about his ante-

cedents; it was then I saw the flash from the Stanley eyes and heard him make the perfectly justifiable remark: "If people would only try and discover what Stanley has done, and not who Stanley is, they would be saving themselves much time and trouble."

In spite of the many difficulties I had to contend with I managed to complete the portrait, and I received a polite little note of thanks from Mr. Stanley and his signed photograph, with the request that I would paint his favourite Zanzabari boy Sali, who had been with him all across Africa; and who, when I asked how he liked the journey, answered, "Me no like; sun very hot on head; creeping things all over body; nothing inside stomach." For some reason one of his ears had been cut off, and to hide this disfigurement he wore his head-dress bound over it, which did not improve his appearance. The thing that seemed to astonish him most about Europeans was the size of the ladies' waists. Bringing some friends one morning to see Mr. Stanley's portrait, Sali was making the most dreadful shouting noise just outside the door, and when I asked him what he was doing, he replied, "What am I doing? I am singing to my God." "Then do go and sing to him a little further off," I requested, for we could not hear ourselves speak.

I was anxious to have my portrait of the great

explorer sent home in time for the Academy, and entrusted it to a friend of his, who said he would do anything for Stanley, and promised to see it safely to my framers. On returning home myself three weeks later, I heard to my consternation from friends with whom I was lunching at Port Said that the portrait had been discovered, only a few days before, among unclaimed luggage at Ismailia, and by their kind intervention sent on to England. It was, however, in time to be placed on an easel in the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, and I was much amused to see a caricature of it in "Punch," Mr. Punch making it a polite bow, with the remark, "Mr. Stanley, I presume," being the same words with which Mr. Stanley greeted Dr. Livingstone in the heart of Africa.

The next time I saw Mr. Stanley was at the Albert Hall, which was crowded from basement to ceiling, to hear him give his address. Our seats were quite close to where the procession had to pass. The seat on my right was vacant for some time, but finally occupied by an old gentleman with a very surprised expression, wearing tortoiseshell-rimmed *pince-nez*. As he seated himself, he exclaimed, "Dear me! what a magnificent structure!" and turning to me said, "Can you kindly tell me if this building is as large as the Colosseum at Rome?" A week before I had been in Rome, and so could

answer with certainty, "Oh, not half the size." "Dear me," was the response. When the organ struck up "See the conquering hero comes," and Stanley walked in preceded by the Prince of Wales, and immediately behind him his four handsome followers, Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson caught sight of me, and bowed and smiled. When the procession had passed my neighbour again turned to me, saying, "Excuse me, but who were those gentlemen who bowed to you?", and when I told him, his "Dear me" was more emphatic than ever, and he added, "How extremely fortunate I am to be sitting next to you!" Had I mentioned that I had painted Mr. Stanley I do not know what the effect would have been, or how loud his "Dear me." He had to leave early to catch a train, he explained, and I was not surprised to hear he was "just up from the country."

In order to be present at Mr. Stanley's wedding at Westminster Abbey I had to travel up from the country, and I told a talkative old lady who was in the carriage with me that I was going to see Mr. Stanley married. "And pray, who may he be?" she asked, much to my surprise, as his name then was on everyone's tongue.

I left Cairo with real regret, and shall always look back on the winters I spent there as some of the brightest in my life. I was nearly spoilt with

kindness, and received more invitations than I could often accept. And many were the delightful rides I had on an Arab pony, which was always at my service; but the ride I most enjoyed was in the Ghizeh Palace Gardens, before the present museum was moved there, and we could roam about at will. They were just as the Khedive Ismail, who had employed seven hundred gardeners there, had left them; but they were in that lovely stage, of order growing into the wild freedom of disorder, that is so enchanting—the beautiful flowering creepers twining where the gardener's hand would have restrained them, the seedlings of the flowers springing up in all directions; and with the cascades of water, quaint grottoes full of stone animals, miniature fir woods, picturesque suspension bridges and pagodas, it was a little paradise, entered through an orange grove; and I shall never forget its beauties, which very few visitors to Cairo had then discovered.

My homeward journeys were generally made through Italy, visiting Naples, Rome, Venice, and Florence, and I revelled in all the art treasures they contain. My first view of Venice was on a wet day, and my friends deplored my misfortune; but I do not consider it was one, for, like wetting a pebble, the rich colouring of the old buildings seemed intensified. I was bringing home my

picture of Arab children, and it being an important size, and in a wooden case, it was a source of endless trouble, as the fear of any of their beautiful pictures being carried out of the country makes the authorities in Venice very particular, and my humble little effort had to brave many journeys in a gondola before I could get it sealed and signed to pass the Customs. Vesuvius, which we ascended, was kind in giving us a small eruption just before we reached the summit, and being assured by our guide that another would not occur for three hours, we gave the extra shilling to look into the burning crater; but very little could be seen of the awful interior. It is to me always a wonder how so many people can build houses and make their homes on the sides of such a fiery furnace.

Pompeii I have twice visited, and the first time in rather an unusual way; for on one of our outward journeys to Egypt our ship touched at Naples, and remained some hours, which we determined to spend in Pompeii. Having the ill-luck just to miss the last train, we took a carriage, a large horse and small pony being provided as a pair, and as the latter kept continually falling down, we were longer than we expected driving the fifteen miles and in reaching the gates, which, alas! were just being closed. It was too disappointing; and I, in despair, left our party wrangling with the man

at the entrance, and determined by hook or by crook to gain even a tiny glimpse into the city. So walking up a little hillock at the side, I found, by jumping down rather a high wall, I should get right into the deserted streets; so without any thought of consequences, down I jumped, and it was a weird sensation to find myself in the growing dusk the only inmate of that city of the dead; but I was soon joined by my friends, who could see me from the gateway, and who told the custodian he must let them in to fetch me out. And so, after all, we all saw Pompeii, and to me it is one of the most intensely interesting places in the world. It is curious how the massive paving-stones, in most of the streets, have been worn away by wheels into deep rucks; but I have seen the stones worn away in exactly the same way in some of the old roads in Malta.

Returning home about April, I spent the season in London, resuming my work at my studio, which sometimes I was fortunate to sub-let during my absence. Once a foreign artist occupied it, and on my return implored me to let him have it for a fortnight longer, to finish an important portrait. It was very inconvenient to me; however, I agreed, and had the following letter from him to thank me: "Dear Madam, I cannot much write your language; but this to express to you my grateful-

PRIMROSE DAY.

ness for your great *kidneys*." I have received many amusing letters; one, from the purchaser of a picture I exhibited in Birmingham, of yellow and white marguerites in an old vase, ran thus: "Dear Miss, I have the pleasure to inform you that I have purchased your picture, 'Silver and Gold,' in our Exhibition. Will you kindly tell me what the flowers are, as a friend disputes this with me. What is the pot made of, and have you ever painted anything before?" Another study I sold at Manchester, of a cavalier with a drawn sword, and a collie dog lying asleep at his feet, which I called "Peace and War." The purchaser wrote asking for an explanation of the title, as he "could not grasp the whole conception." A picture with geese introduced I exhibited at a provincial exhibition, and when the secretary wrote to inform me it was sold, he put in parenthesis "(What geese!)." I never quite grasped his meaning: whether he meant they were so excellent, or so bad; or whether he considered the purchasers were geese!

A cutting remark I overheard a master make at a studio to one of his pupils, who was searching for a piece of paper to cover his study before carrying it home, explaining that he did not wish to be taken for an artist His master quietly remarked, "Better let the study be seen, and then no one will take you for an artist."

CHAPTER VIII.

FTER painting Her Highness the Khediviah, it occurred to me that there must be a large field open to a lady artist in India, where nearly all the wives of maharajahs and high-class women are *purdah*, or "behind the curtain," and seen by no men but their husbands; so only one of their own sex would be allowed to paint them. Therefore, having many friends in India, I determined my next winter should be spent there. I left England about the end of October, in the P. and O. ss. "Arcadia"; had a most delightful voyage, arriving at Bombay the second week in November; and the heat was a novel experience to me—I felt like being in the second room of a Turkish bath day and night. I stayed for the first fortnight with the then Advocate-General of Bombay and his pretty daughter, who was also an artist, in their beautiful and roomy house on Malabar Hill, which is a promontory that runs out on the west of the

city, and is to the right of the lovely bay, which favourably compares with, if not equals, the Bay of Naples. On its extreme point stands Government House, and when afterwards I stayed there with Lord and Lady Harris, I found it was quite the coolest spot in Bombay, being surrounded by the sea and the breeze.

The Fort, as the new part of the city is called, has many magnificent modern buildings, and the Yacht Club, overlooking the harbour, is a delightful meeting-place for one's friends. The native city is picturesque in its way, but after Cairo it seemed to me to be wanting in colour, as also the crowd of moving natives, as all the turbans and most of the dresses are white, so that the ever-changing kaleidoscopic effect of a Cairo bazaar is missing; but the lovely dresses of the Parsee ladies, who are not veiled, and move about as we do in the streets, give bright touches of brilliant colour here and there. Driving from the Fort, we passed the place where the Hindoo corpses are burned, and could see the sparks flying up from the funeral pile. And on Malabar Hill are the Towers of Silence—grim white towers, enclosing a grating on which the Parsees place their dead, the vultures, with which the place abounds, descending at once, and in a few minutes nothing remains but the skeleton, which falls through the grating, mixing

with thousands of others, and in due course the bones are made into cement. I was horrified by a lady living on Malabar Hill telling me that one evening, when sitting in her garden, a vulture flying overhead dropped a little brown baby's thumb into her lap.

One morning we drove quite early to see the natives bathing in a tank, where the sacred River Ganges is supposed to rise. It was a most picturesque sight, the tank being surrounded by temples, with flights of steps leading down to the water, and into this walked the natives, both men and women, with their clothes on, generally consisting of one long piece of drapery, those of the women being trimmed with gold and silver tinsel. They carried in their hands little brass pans, filled with what looked like reddish-brown earth, with which they rubbed themselves all over, after they had stooped down in the water and taken off their clothes, which they made into a bundle and placed on their heads. After sufficient scrubbing with the brown earth had taken place, they draped themselves again, all the time being up to their necks in water, and emerged with all their raiment clinging in a dripping state to them: most uncomfortable it looked, but I expect they were soon dried by the hot sun. Some remained on the steps, to rub up with the remains of the brown earth the

little brass pans they carried, making delightful groups.

The first time I was in Bombay I did not go to see the Elephanta Caves, and was regretting this to an American; his remark was, "Oh, say you've seen 'em; *I always* do; for if you say you haven't seen a thing you'll be told it is the finest thing in India, but if you say you have, then nothing more is said about it." On my return visit I saw them, and they are certainly most wonderful, being carved out of the solid rock on one of the little islands near Bombay.

From Bombay I went to Poona, the journey there by rail being one of the most beautiful in India. The train, like the St. Gothard, winds about through innumerable small tunnels, and as it emerges from each a different view is seen. At one time I saw seven distinct ranges of mountains; and as the railway makes a great ascent, I could see the valleys below, the foliage being beautifully green, as the rains were just over. Poona is charming; and my kind host, who had an appointment on the staff there, was determined I should see every place of interest. I was driven in his smart dog-cart with tandem to Parbutti, a ruined palace on a hill, where the last King of the Deccan resided; and we were shown the window from which he witnessed his defeat by the English at the battle

of Kirkee, two years before Waterloo, and he was supposed either to have thrown himself over the parapet or escaped, for he was never heard of afterwards.

Another day I was taken to see the district jail, with over a thousand prisoners confined there. We saw them grinding their corn, making their dough patties, and chopping up their vegetables. I noticed that one man had a very intelligent face, and when I drew my friend's attention to him, to my surprise he turned and addressed us in English; and on our inquiring for what he was imprisoned, said, with a smile, he had been a schoolmaster, and tried to turn 30 rupees into 360, with a stroke of his pen. Another one told us he was in for twenty years *only* because he had thrown a pot at his wife and killed her. One poor old man, who was in for fifteen years, and had only served five, asked us anxiously if it was true that the great Queen-Empress was getting so old, she was going to abdicate in favour of her son, and would therefore release all prisoners. It was quite sad to see his look of disappointment when we told him such was not the case. Very good carpets are made in the prison, and charming basket-work chairs by the Burmese prisoners, who looked very sleek and fat. The prisoners sleep on beds made of dry mud; and on going out we saw four sitting in the stocks for

insubordination; and outside the gates were the gallows.

We went to see Gunesh Kind, the residence of H.E. the Governor of Bombay when he is in Poona during the season, which was just over. It is, I think, one of the most charming residences in India, standing about four miles out of the city. The second visit I made to Poona, I stayed there with Lord and Lady Harris, who were always most kind and interested in getting me rajahs and ranees to paint, and I owe many of my later commissions to them. The garden called Rosherville, halfway to Gunesh Kind, is a most delightful place in which to spend an afternoon, and I have often coxed a four-oared boat down the beautiful broad river that flows by, and could almost imagine I was gliding by the banks of the Thames.

A manufactory of gold thread I saw in Poona was most primitive. A bar of silver, about a foot long and an inch square, was covered with gold leaf, then placed in an antiquated-looking machine which was worked by an old cow in an outer yard walking round and round a wheel. The bar of silver came out two feet long, then was put into another machine, and this proceeding was repeated until, finally, it was so fine it could be wound round a reel, and looked like gold thread.

A long journey of three nights and two days in

the train took me to Calcutta. Travelling by rail in India is very comfortable; the carriages are roomy, with space to walk about, and a dressing-room, and often a shower-bath, attached to every one. Very fair meals are provided at different stations, which are generally ordered in advance by telegram. I took with me an Indian travelling servant, and he proved most useful. I was disappointed in the scenery of the country I passed through, it being very flat and uninteresting. I arrived at Calcutta about six o'clock in the morning, and was pleased to find quite a sharp, cold feeling in the air, so different from Bombay. During this my first visit to Calcutta I stayed with friends in the road Chowringhee, which faces the Maidan, a huge open space, and which contains the race-course, parade ground, golf links, and the long drive, which is crowded with carriages in the dusk and cool of the evening.

Calcutta, being the seat of Government, is very full during the winter season, and no end of gaiety goes on. The day after my arrival I lunched with the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and Lady Bayley, whom I knew before, and the next day went to the wedding of their daughter at the beautiful cathedral, and was delighted to meet again, at the reception afterwards, the Maharanee of Kuch Behar, who had given lovely presents

to the bride. She appeared very pleased to see me, and asked me to come and see her in her pretty house; and I often went there to tennis and dinner parties, as the Maharajah of Kuch Behar is one of the few rajahs who entertain like English gentlemen. The first time I dined there I was puzzled how to treat the dark personage in European dress who helped me out of the carriage and divested me of my cloak, but thinking it better to be on the safe side, I made a mild remark about the weather, as, most unusual in Calcutta in winter, it was pouring with rain. It was well I did not address him as a servant, as he sat opposite to me at dinner, and was, I found, His Highness's A.D.C., and a cousin of Her Highness. The Maharanee, who, unlike most Indian ladies, is not *purdah*, retains the becoming style of Indian dress, wearing that evening lovely white Spanish lace draped over her head, fastened above her forehead by a large diamond star. The Maharajah sang well several English songs. He is very English in all his tastes and pursuits, is one of the best polo and tennis players, a first-rate shot, a graceful skater, and a splendid dancer; and at all the principal balls his fine handsome figure, attired in the smart uniform of the Royal Artillery, to which regiment he belongs, is always to be seen dancing with the prettiest English ladies in the room. The Maha-

ranee does not dance, but an A.D.C. once told me he loved to sit out a dance with her, as she was so witty and full of fun.

About a week after my arrival the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne, to whom I had introductions, arrived at Government House. A Drawing Room was held, which I attended, the wife of the general in command presenting me. It was a very pretty sight, and unlike Her Majesty's Drawing Room, being held in the evening, and therefore more of an evening party, as after the presentations are made everyone goes to the ball-room, where refreshments are given, and the vice-regal party come and talk to their guests. Lord Lansdowne was in his Viceroy's uniform, a coat massively embroidered in gold, white satin breeches and silk stockings, and Lady Lansdowne looking regal and lovely, with her splendid pearls and tiara of diamonds. To my great surprise, she singled me out of the crowd, and inquired if I had yet succeeded in finding any rajahs to paint. A few days after I received an invitation to luncheon at Government House, and then asked Lady Lansdowne if she would mind sitting to me for her portrait, as I felt sure if it was known I had painted Her Excellency I should find no difficulty in getting commissions to paint rajahs and their wives. She very kindly consented, but postponed the sittings until she was in Simla in the

summer, where she had more time at her disposal, and where I had received an invitation to stay with Sir David and Lady Barbour, he then being the Financial Member of Council.

On the table at that luncheon were some delicious fruit called "mango steen." Lord Lansdowne inquired if I had ever tasted one, which I had not. Six months after I was lunching with them again at Simla, and the same fruit was offered to me. Curiously enough, the Viceroy told me those were the only occasions the fruit had been on his table; they have a far more delicate flavour than the Indian mango, and although they can be obtained sometimes in the south of India, these were sent to the Viceroy from Singapore.

It was odd at these luncheons to see everyone, including Lady Lansdowne, rise to their feet on the Viceroy's entrance—he nearly always being late, as he had so much to do—and remain standing until he was seated, being the respect due to Her Majesty's representative.

There is nothing very Oriental about Calcutta or its inhabitants; the place abounds with the *baboo* or educated Hindoo, who is not a very picturesque object, with his European coat and hatless head. We went in a native boat to see the Botanical Gardens: it was the funniest craft I ever was in, and we seemed to move an inch to every stroke, but

eventually got to the landing-stage of the gardens, which are beautiful. A banyan tree is to be seen there, the trunk of which measures forty-two feet, and the crown of the tree is eight hundred and forty feet in circumference; there is another in the gardens of the Viceroy's residence at Barrackpore, a few miles down the River Hooghly, where a room is made in the branches of the tree capable of seating thirty people.

CHAPTER IX.

AN annual exhibition of paintings is held in Calcutta, and I exhibited two there, being awarded the Society's silver medal for one, and highly commended for the other; and soon after this I was introduced, at a garden party at the Lieutenant-Governor's, to Jai Prokash Lal, the Prime Minister of the Maharajah of Dumraon, and he intimated that he should like me to paint His Highness, and asked my terms for a life-sized head, and how long it would take to do. I named my price, and said I daresay I could do it in six sittings of an hour each, thinking the shortness of the time would be a recommendation; but he looked very disappointed, and said, "You charge all that money for six hours' work?" I might have answered as Whistler once did, "No, sir, but for the study of a lifetime,"—but I comforted him by saying that the background and accessories would take me probably a month, and he looked more satisfied. He

said he would let me know, and about a week after I had a letter from him written at Dumraon, saying, "Dear Madam, if you are likely to be coming this way, I think I shall be able to give you the job." As I heard Dumraon was a very out-of-the way place, with no English resident within forty or fifty miles, my friends thought it would not be safe for me to go alone, and I was glad to find a friend, who was spending the winter in Calcutta with her sister, the wife of an officer in the Buffs, delighted to come with me. She took an ayah, the black widow of an English soldier in the 45th Regiment, a most amusing old person, and I had my travelling servant.

Dumraon is a night's journey from Calcutta by the mail train, but when we went to take our tickets we were informed that no mail train stopped there, and the only train we could go by was one that arrived eight hours later. Just as we were debating what to do, a person in a gorgeously embroidered cap made his salaam, and inquired, "Are you Miss Merrick, the lady artist? If so, His Highness has ordered the mail train to stop, for your convenience, at Dumraon." As my friend remarked, "Now the fun begins." We arrived at our destination at nine the next morning, and found an elephant with a howdah and two carriages and pairs to meet us. The scarlet liveries of the servants

were out at elbows, and the much-ornamented harness tied together here and there with pieces of string. We dashed off in the first carriage with Jai Prokash Lal, who had come to meet us, leaving the servants to follow, if they chose, on the elephant. We drove through a long avenue of trees and a lovely garden crammed with roses to the Maharajah's Guest House, which was placed at my disposal, with a retinue of servants, who were standing in a row salaaming when we arrived. Breakfast was laid, the tablecloth being decorated with devices of flowers and plants made into a wonderful geometrical design. We selected our bedrooms and dressing-rooms, which, unlike an Indian bungalow, were upstairs, as also the spacious drawing-room. The house had once been sumptuously furnished, but its glory had departed; the gilt chairs were tarnished, with an occasional castor missing, the velvet seats worn and faded, and some of the large looking-glasses cracked. After breakfast we strolled into the garden and revelled in the profusion of exquisite roses and trees laden with orange blossom, nearly lost ourselves in a maze, and saw two splendid black leopards, who bounced at us so savagely, I was afraid they would overturn the small cage in which they were confined. On the other side of the house steps led down to a large tank, where tame fishes came and fed out of our

hands: the natives bathed in this tank morning and evening, before offering their prayers in a beautiful little temple, which stood in one corner, the tinkling of whose bell we heard continually.

We returned to the Guest House for tiffin, the butler asking what we would like to drink, as they had "Port, sherry, beer, stout, and Pomeroy Extra Sec"! so we made our choice. After luncheon the landau came to take us for a drive, and the fat old ayah, who, we said, was like Aunt Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," begged to come too, to bring a bag of grain, as she said, to feed the monkeys. So off we sallied, the coachman and *sais*, or groom, on the box, and the *mali*, or gardener, and the gardener's boy, behind in the rumble. We drove some distance into the jungle, and then stopped at a sort of stone erection at four cross roads; we went up several steps, and then the gardener gave a loud call of "Ow! Ow! Ow!" and from all directions came running monkeys, some about three feet high, and several mothers with tiny babies in their arms. They were in distinct tribes, and those on one side would not go near those on the other. We threw them down grain, which they rapidly picked up, and at last I could not resist going down to see if they would feed out of my hands; and they crowded round me, and to my surprise a few of the big ones came up and with one of their little hands

held mine, and with the other picked the food out of my palm, looking up anxiously into my face all the time; but if I squeezed their fingers ever so little, they gave a screech and bounded off, showing all their teeth at me. One little female trotted along by my side for a long way, holding on to my finger. I was shocked to see the bad manners of the gentlemen, who smacked the ladies' heads, and knocked over the little ones, in their eagerness to get at the grain. I was quite sorry when it was all gone; but every day while we were at Dumraon we paid the monkeys a visit.

After leaving them, we drove on further into the jungle, and presently saw a herd of wild deer. I got out of the carriage, and with the gardener's boy—a nice little black chap, who kept saying, "Just look here, missie"—gave chase to them; ever so many times we got quite close to the herd, headed by a splendid stag with magnificent antlers. We also saw some jackals and a neilghi. We ended the drive by coming through the city of Dumraon. All the houses are built of mud, with carved doors and arches of black wood. We stopped in the central street to see a nautch dance.

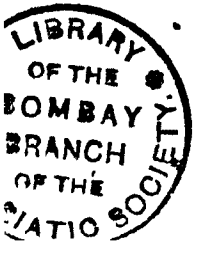
In the evening Jai Prokash Lal came to announce that the Maharajah would come for his first sitting at nine o'clock the next morning. We found the Prime Minister a most intelligent and in-

teresting man, and certainly not the semi-barbarian which, he insisted, the English considered all Indians; but this statement we contradicted. He told us his history: how he was quite a poor boy and by educating himself had risen to his present high position. He spoke a great deal about the Indian women, deploring their aimless lives, and mentioned gratefully Lady Dufferin's efforts to improve their condition. He remained talking so long we wondered when he would take his departure, but were afterwards told it was etiquette for us to say, "You may go now," when we thought it time —in default of this, he had to say, "May I go?"

The next morning after breakfast the Rajah and his courtiers arrived in three carriages, with outriders, and a motley crew hanging on behind. He was a disagreeable-looking, fat old man, and waddled in through the verandah to the reception room wearing a smoking cap embroidered in gold and silver, and a gold and violet satin coat. He shook hands with me and my friend (we both agreed it was like wagging the fin of a fish), then sank down on the sofa. I was sorry to find he could not speak one word of English, and every word had to be translated by his Prime Minister. I had put on my brightest red gown to please his Oriental eye, and through every door and window all the household were peeping, from the lowest

scullion to Aunt Eliza. He alarmed me very much at first by saying he wished to be painted sitting on the ground surrounded by all his courtiers; but the interview ended by my showing him the advisability of only having his head and shoulders painted; for whatever I did, I found I was only to have the one price named. He then dressed himself in what was evidently his best hat, in shape like those worn by Noah and party in a toy Noah's Ark, but covered with emeralds and diamonds, and a large tassel of pearls hanging down one side; a necklace an inch and a half wide of large diamonds, and two bracelets of huge emeralds worn above the elbows, over his coat, and several orders round his neck. He seemed quite to enjoy being dressed up, and then ambled into the little room I had prepared as a studio, and sat well for about a quarter of an hour, chewing betel nut the whole time, which made his teeth and lips a curious red. He looked very austere while any of his courtiers were in the room, but directly they left, gave me and my friend a smirking smile; at the end of half an hour he became quite fidgety, and, telling his Prime Minister he hoped I should paint the portrait "worthy of my great name," rose to depart, and waddled off to his carriage; two men helping him in, and another holding a red umbrella over him as he drove away.

I could see that I should have to do the portrait with very few sittings, so, as he sent me his coat, hat, and jewels, I dressed Aunt Eliza up in them, who was very much his figure, and painted them from her; and she used to sit shaking with laughter, and the hat, being so heavily trimmed, was always on one side. The keeper of the jewels brought them every day in queer old cases tied up in a silk pocket-handkerchief, and sat in a corner of the room with his sword drawn to guard them while they were being painted. When the portrait was finished, the Maharajah said it was like looking in the glass; and the morning I left, instead of receiving a cheque as I expected, a large sack of rupees was brought, so heavy it was quite impossible to lift it without help.



CHAPTER X.

FROM Dumraon I had to make my way up to Rawal Pindi, where I had an invitation to stay for the next month or two, and meant to do the long journey in easy stages, as so much of interest laid in my way. My first stopping-place was Benares, on the sacred River Ganges, whose banks are crowded with temples to the Hindoo gods. I took a guide, a person to whom I generally object; but my time was short; and though he was a villainous-looking party, he seemed well up in his profession, and piloted me to all the sights.

Benares is quite the most picturesque, but quite the most dirty, city I visited in India. Its streets are very narrow, and they abound with Hindoo temples and holy tanks. There is one small tank which, if bathed in, is supposed to cleanse the bather from any sin, however vile; and it must be a very wicked sinner who can make up his mind to dive into its depths, for the water looked quite

thick and slimy, and was sprinkled over with the yellow marigold, with which flower all the temples and altars are decorated. I hired a sort of house boat, on the roof of which we sat on deck chairs and were rowed slowly down the river, and it was a marvellous sight to see the thousands and thousands of pilgrims—men, women, and children—bathing in the sacred waters. We passed the Burning Ghaut, and saw the huge stacks of wood ready for the funeral pile. My guide was very anxious I should land and see one temple which contained "very nice obscene pictures," but I declined that treat. Of course I went to see the brass bazaar, where the Benares brass-work is done, which is seen all over the world, and also to the Bunder or Monkey Temple, called so from the hundreds of monkeys who swarm there, but none of them were so tame as my little friends in the Dumraon jungle.

From Benares I went on to Lucknow, with an introduction from Sir Auckland Colvin to the city magistrate, and he and his sister were most kind in showing me all the places of interest in that most interesting city, with its many sad associations. It is a lovely place, and although I was told most of its buildings were made of lath and plaster, that, to me, did not detract from the exquisite proportions of the snow-white Oriental

palaces and mosques. The first place of interest we visited was the Alambagh, the headquarters of Sir Henry Havelock and Sir James Outram at the siege of Lucknow, falling to ruin now, with Havelock's tomb, and others, with touching inscriptions, in a small cemetery near. From there to the Dilkusha Palace, headquarters of Sir Colin Campbell's force, built at the beginning of the century by one of the kings of Oudh as a hunting-box, who cleared away the jungle and stocked the park with deer and game. We then went on to Sikandarbagh, a garden about one hundred and thirty yards square, surrounded by a thick brick wall, with loopholes, which was held at the siege by upwards of two thousand Sepoys, and was taken by the 93rd and 53rd Regiments by making a small breach of three feet in the wall, and the rebels were killed to a man. Lord Roberts, who, as a lieutenant, was one of the first to enter, says, in his "Forty-one Years in India": "It was a magnificent sight, a sight never to be forgotten, that glorious struggle to be the first to enter the deadly breach, the prize to the winner of the race being certain death!"

While I was at Lucknow I saw Lord Roberts for the first time. He was on a tour of inspection, and was reviewing the troops quartered there. A few months after, in Simla, I had the honour and pleasure of meeting him, and listening to a verbal

account of the sieges of Delhi and Lucknow; for when visiting those cities it was a constant source of regret that I had no one at hand who had been an eye-witness to the many deeds of daring done in those exciting times.

We saw the Residency, the "scene of so many acts of heroism, and so much suffering endured with unexampled fortitude." It has been allowed to remain, as far as possible, in the state it was left in after the relief, with the walls battered with shot and shell, and here and there a little white tablet, to mark "Here Sir Henry Lawrence was shot," etc. We went down to the cellars, to see where all the poor women and children were put for safety, but the whole place is terribly shattered; and on going afterwards to the cemetery, tears started to one's eyes to see the epitaph on the brave Sir Henry Lawrence's tomb, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul." He was only fifty-one.

The Martinière is interesting, being a splendid structure built by a French soldier who was taken prisoner by the English in 1761. He afterwards enlisted in our army, and died a major-general and very rich, and in his will directed that his house, the Martinière, should be made into a college for educating men and children in the English language and religion, and he is buried below in a vault.

My next stopping-place was Delhi, for, although I passed Cawnpore, its associations with the terrible time of the Mutiny were too terribly sad for me to wish to see the memorials of them—the well where all the women and children were thrown after the massacre, and the Sati Chowra Ghaut, where the refugees were shot, by order of the perfidious Nana, as soon as they had entered the boats with the hope of escape.

At Delhi I saw the Kashmir Gate, and not far off the unpretentious little house, with its high-sounding title, "Ludlow Castle," which holds such a prominent place in the history of the siege; the fort, containing the king's palace, with the lovely white marble hall of audience, with a marble screen at the further end, carved like lace-work, through which the *purdah* ladies could listen without being seen; the marble dais, where once stood the famous peacock throne, which was one mass of precious stones; and the king's chamber and his bath-room, which was pointed out by our guide, whose knowledge of English was limited, as "bath full—in jump king." We also saw the gateway through which the two king's sons and grandson escaped, hoping to find refuge in Humayoon's tomb, seven miles away, but were shot on the road by Hodson. We then visited the great mosque, the Jumna Musjid, in the heart of the city, and were shown

the one hair of Mahomet's beard, kept there in a dirty little cardboard box with a glass top; it was a very coarse red one. The ruins and places of interest surrounding Delhi are numberless, and it well may be called the Rome of India.

I soon got very tired of continual sight-seeing, and was delighted, after another journey of a day and a half, to find myself at Rawal Pindi, a guest in the luxurious house of the Commissioner. There is not much of interest to be seen in Pindi, and it is principally known as a huge depôt for our soldiers. It was very gay: lots of balls, picnics, and dinners; and the climate delightful, quite warm in the day, but cold nights; so cold sometimes that my servant came one morning with a very surprised face saying it had been raining little bits of ice, and there was a skin on the top of the water, the like of which he had never seen.

I stayed two months at Rawal Pindi, only painting during that time a portrait of my charming hostess and her poodle. From there I went to Muttra, a most delightfully picturesque city. I stayed there for a fortnight, with the officer who was then second in command of the King's Dragoon Guards, which was the only regiment quartered there. I made many sketches of the quaint old streets and temples. The place swarmed with monkeys, and my servant, whom I took to keep

off the inquisitive and puzzled crowd of natives, was very indignant when one morning an impertinent monkey snatched off his turban, probably being attracted by its being a Bombay one and very different from those usually worn at Muttra; he only rescued it just in time, for they were terrible thieves, and seemed always to be on the look-out for what they could snatch, but were most amusing to watch. They used to sit close to my carriage, making hideous grimaces at me. One ran past me one day carrying a little dead one in its arms, and crying most pathetically.

During my stay at Muttra I thoroughly enjoyed a day's pig-sticking with the K.D.G.'s. I was mounted on a good thoroughbred mare belonging to my hostess, and we sallied forth about six in the morning, and soon found ourselves on an island formed by the river, in a thick jungle of long grass, high over my mare's head. I was the only lady present. We rode slowly in line, and were followed by a long string of native beaters, who blew horns, beat on tomtoms, made hideous yells, and occasionally fired off primitive-looking guns to frighten the pig out into the open. Every few minutes a huge boar would spring up in front of my mare, and with a great snort dive into the jungle again. After fording the rather shallow river, we got a view of the open country beyond,

and I drew attention to an unfamiliar-looking object a long way off, and inquired what it could be. The only answer I got was a tremendous shout, and then the whole field dashed off in pursuit, and the unfamiliar object, which my untrained eye did not recognize as a boar, was ultimately speared, and several more shared the same fate before our return to lunch. I carried a spear for some time, but eventually gave it to a *sais*, knowing that if I got near enough to a pig I should not attempt to prick it.

Another sport the officers indulged in while I was there was hunting and catching bulls on the Maharajah of Bhurtpore's estates. These bulls, being considered sacred by the Hindoos, were allowed to roam about at large, and as they were ever increasing in numbers and became almost wild, the poor bitterly complained that their fields and gardens were being destroyed by them, and implored for help; and as they were not allowed to be killed, or shot, the lasso was resorted to, and many captured, and splendid sport I heard it was. I saw one fine fellow tied to a tree at the barrack farm, and he did not at all seem to resent his captivity. I was very much puzzled one day to see a man driving a cow along the road carrying a stuffed calf under his arm, and on inquiring, was told that the natives say a cow will not give

any milk unless she sees her calf; so if it dies, it is stuffed and put beside her.

We dined one evening at the mess of the King's Dragoon Guards, and on the centre of the table was an exquisite gold enamelled punch-bowl, with twelve cups to match, presented, shortly before, to the regiment by the Cesarewitch of Russia, on the occasion of his dining with them during his tour in India. I was told that during that dinner a bottle of soda-water burst, and instantly every one of his Imperial Highness's staff leapt to their feet, with their hands on their swords. As this was the first time I had dined at an officers' mess, it was a novel pleasure in that distant land to hear the toast "The Queen; God bless her," when everyone rose, the band outside playing the National Anthem.

Before I left Muttra we drove to a place called Brindabund, about eight miles away, to see some wonderful temples; and one, of red sandstone, was built in the shape of a cross—a most unusual design for a Hindoo temple. We saw the Juggernaut car, the relic of barbarous times, when the religious fanatics were allowed to throw themselves in front of its massive wheels to be crushed to death. There were many fakirs, or religious fanatics, about when we were there; but they contented themselves by lying on beds of long sharp-pointed nails, sitting all day in dreadfully cramped positions, or stand-

ing on one leg, or with their arms raised above their heads, and covered all over with white ashes, even on their long and matted hair—most repulsive sights.

A few hours' journey from Muttra took me to Agra, where I stayed with the District Superintendent of Police, and although there is much to be seen there, the exquisite beauty of the Taj Mahal stands out so prominently in my memory, it dims all recollections of other things. It is one of the most lovely buildings in the world, built by Shah Jehan three hundred years ago, in memory of his lovely and beloved wife, and it makes one envy the woman who, by inspiring such undying love, could have so glorious a tribute paid to her memory. In the midst of a beautifully cultivated garden, and surrounded by yew trees, it stands, built of the purest white marble, and no pen or brush can convey the impression it gives of absolute purity, beauty, and peace. I saw it first at sunrise, when its great dome looked like a huge pink pearl; again at noonday, when its dazzling whiteness against the blue sky almost hurt the eyes; in the sunset and after-glow, when the shadows on it were perfectly golden; and lastly, by moonlight, when it was even more exquisite and impressive. The tomb of the beautiful woman to whose memory it was raised is seen under the dome in the interior, in-

laid with precious stones, and garlands of fresh tuberoses are always scattered round. It is surrounded by a marble screen, so delicately carved, it has the appearance of lace. Her husband rests beside her.

There is a wonderful echo or vibration inside this dome, so that when a loud "Amen," or a few words are sung a splendid organ seems to take up the sound, and is repeated twenty or thirty times until it gradually fades away. I should like to have gone there every day, and all day, while I was that fortnight in Agra, but to attempt to paint it seemed almost presumption. I think that a journey to India is well repaid if only to see the Taj Mahal.

I was driven to see the deserted city of Futteypore Sikri, twenty-five miles from Agra. It was built between two and three hundred years ago, with lavish expenditure, on what looked like a splendid site, but proving unhealthy, was only occupied for twelve years, and the disused temples and palaces remain intact. It is entirely built of red sandstone, with the exception of one lovely white marble tomb.

LIBRARY

CHAPTER XI.

ALTHOUGH it was only the end of March when I was in Agra, the heat was so intense I was longing to get away to the heights and cool of Simla; and the first week in April a journey of twenty-four hours brought me to Kalka in the early morning; and from there I started for the drive of fifty miles to Simla in a *tonga*, which is a low two-wheeled cart with a hood, drawn by a pair of ponies, which we changed fourteen times before we got to our destination, galloping most of the way, and every corner we dashed round presented a different view. The first stages of the drive the scenery was wild and the rocks barren, reminding me very much of parts of Norway; but as I approached Simla, which I could see nestling in green foliage high up on a peak in the distance, the colouring quite changed; a long ridge of the Himalayas appeared, capped with snow, and large trees of rhododendron, laden with deep red blossoms, were to be seen in every direction.

On my arrival Lady Barbour's rickshaw awaited me, drawn by four servants in white clothes and high pointed green caps, with "D. B." embroidered in a large monogram on their vests, and I was conveyed by them at a good smart trot to the residence of Sir David Barbour, which, in a garden containing over a thousand rose trees, stood on the side of a very steep hill. The air was delicious, Simla being seven thousand feet above the sea; and it was delightful, after the heat of Agra, to see that small fires in all the rooms were a necessity. As carriages are only allowed to be used in Simla by the Viceroy, Commander-in-Chief, and the Lieutenant-Governor, everyone must have their own rickshaw, drawn by four to six servants (depending on the stoutness of the owner); four were enough for me; and, as a riding horse is almost a necessity there, I found, although I was a guest, I had to keep six of my own servants. The first few days I spent in making calls, which is the duty of a new-comer to Simla society. I was very anxious to begin my portrait of Lady Lansdowne, and after an interview with the Viceroy's secretary, Lord William Beresford—who said he thought it very sporting of me to come to India to paint—the promised sittings from Her Excellency were arranged. I painted her profile, and much regretted afterwards that I had not done the full face, for she talked most interestingly the

whole time, and her face was always turned towards me; however, it was sufficiently successful for Lord Lansdowne to tell me that the Government of Canada had requested him to sit for his portrait, to be hung in some public institution at Ottawa. He had given Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., a few sittings when his lamented death occurred: the Viceroy was therefore going to write to Canada to inquire if I might paint the portrait. My delight knew no bounds at this honour being conferred on me. Two months must elapse before an answer could be received from Canada, and if they gave me the commission, His Excellency suggested he should give me sittings in Calcutta in the winter.

At an afternoon party given by Colonel Woodthorpe I met Sir Frederick (as he was then) and Lady Roberts, and it was there I had the interesting conversation with His Excellency, before referred to, about the sieges of Delhi and Lucknow. A portrait was about to be painted of him for the Club, and he very kindly intimated that he should like it to be done by me. A few days after I received an invitation from Lady Roberts to luncheon at "Snowdon," and was shown all the treasures and trophies collected by the Commander-in-Chief, and which adorned their house. A corner of the ballroom was selected as a good place for a studio, and I even arranged the position in which Sir Frederick

was to stand; but, alas! I never painted that portrait, and it has always been an endless source of regret to me, for another artist to whom it had been mentioned claimed the commission.

Sir David and Lady Barbour generally spent the end of every week at Mushroba, a place about ten miles from Simla, in a house which they shared with Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts, who had the upper floor. The ride there was beautiful, and in the surrounding woods all the trunks of the trees were covered with maiden-hair fern. In the lower part of the house was the billiard-room, and very often the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Roberts and friends would come down to play with us at curling on the billiard-table; and it was delightful to see the keen interest Sir Frederick took in the game, when he played, as he said, "the Roberts family against the world." As is well known, Lord Roberts has a great antipathy to cats, and he always asked to have our *billee*, or kitten, removed before he came down to the billiard-room. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but I was told that on one of His Excellency's voyages home he asked to have the cat removed when he came on board the ship, and a stranger, not knowing who he was, said to Lady Roberts, "Don't you think that little gentleman over there must have been a *mouse* in a former state?" I was not told what

Lady Roberts replied. At a dinner party at the Commander-in-Chief's I had the misfortune to faint for the first time in my life, and nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of Lady Roberts.

Simla is placed so much on the side of a hill that sufficient space for a tennis lawn is very hard to find, and the fortunate possessor of one attached to his house lends it in turn to his friends. Lady Barbour shared one with a very absent-minded neighbour, who when lending it very often forgot he had a tennis party that day himself. He was so absent-minded, it is said, that one morning at breakfast he received a telegram, which he ate, and put a piece of toast in his pocket!

At a garden party at Lady Lansdowne's Lord William Beresford introduced me to H. H. the Maharaj Rana of Dholpore, who said he should like me to paint him wearing his celebrated pearls, which he told me were as big as cherries. He had not time then to give me sittings, but some time afterwards, on meeting again, I painted ten pictures for him.

The latter part of my stay in Simla I was feeling very seedy, and for over a month could take nothing but milk, so I was advised a change, but not to the plains, as it was still too hot, but to another hill station; so after painting a portrait of my kind hostess's dear little girl, I left for the south of India.

The rains had not commenced, and my friends tried to induce me to stay on by telling me the heat in the trains at that time of the year was so intense that cases of heat apoplexy were frequent, coffins were kept at every station, and the guard put his head into every carriage at night with the inquiry, "Anyone dead in here?" But even these weird statements did not deter me from starting, as I felt the air of Simla did not agree with me. It was a tremendous journey, as I left on Saturday morning and did not arrive at my destination, Ootacamund, until the following Saturday afternoon, all that time being in the train, with the exception of Tuesday and Wednesday, which I spent with my friends in Poona. But the tediousness of the journey was greatly alleviated by the kindness and chivalrous attention of Colonel H——, V.C., who was then starting on his tour of inspection of military schools, and who most kindly had suggested I should travel down by the same train as far as Belgaum, as it was a very long journey for an invalid lady to take alone. But it was curious how soon my health improved after leaving Simla; my appetite was so much better, I could enjoy all the meals prepared at the stations.

The crowd at an Indian station is always most amusing; some of the natives are there twelve hours before their train is due, and when it arrives

they fly about excitedly in all directions. Here one sees a resident of the Deccan, with lank black hair, prominent teeth, and a lavishly-embroidered smoking cap, a long surtout coat, with a very pronounced waist and naked legs, dashing up and down the platform, carrying his next meal in front of him, tied up in a dinner-napkin over a plate; there another, dressed almost like a French *pierrot*, in white linen, with huge baggy trousers, and a little white cap perched jauntily on his profusely-oiled curls, buying sweetmeats from a hawker. Toddling along by her father's side comes a little girl of six, in a long red satin coat, braided with gold; it is her only garment, and being guiltless of fastenings, the slight breeze blows it open, displaying her little brown limbs from chin to toes. The native policemen, in their blue uniform with yellow facings; the various coloured turbans of the better-class natives, including the proud wearer of a green one, which denotes he is a descendant from the prophet; all combine to make a picturesque scene.

The hedges on each side of the line in Southern India are of aloes, and make a most efficient fencing. I noticed one station I passed had the almost unpronounceable name of Periyanayak-kanyralayam.

I said good-bye to the train at Mettapollium,

H.H. THE MAHARAJ RANA OF DHOLPORE.

and then had a drive of thirty-three miles in a tonga up the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains, to Ootacamund, which is 7,500 feet above the sea. The Neilgherries may well be called the Blue Mountains, for I never saw any such an intensely deep blue. It is a most lovely drive, far more beautiful than the one to Simla, the first part of the journey being through thick tropical vegetation, and on for miles of winding narrow roads, shaded by the graceful feathery bamboo; a profusion of flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and waterfalls at every turn; and as the ascent is gradually made, the view over the plains below is simply glorious. The drive up to, or down from, Ootacamund always gave me the most intense pleasure; and I have been many times since that first journey, once late in the evening, when the fireflies were so thick they almost lighted us on our way. As I neared Ooty, I saw *hedges* of heliotrope, mimosa, scented geraniums and roses, and arum lilies growing in wild profusion; and as I was told by my friends in Poona I was going to a little paradise, it really seemed so, after a week's journey in the dusty train.

When the tonga reached the terminus, the post-office at Ootacamund, I found the carriage of the Lord Bishop of Madras awaiting me; for I had received an invitation from Miss Gell, his sister, to

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spend my first few weeks with them. Their residence, "Woodcot," with its oak-panelled drawing-room, so rarely seen in India, surrounded by its flower-laden garden, stands on the side of the large lake, which, though so many thousand feet above the sea, is the great beauty and ornament of Ootacamund. The beautiful water-colour drawings which adorn all the walls of the house, executed by Miss Gell, who is one of our best amateur artists, testify to the picturesque surroundings of her homes, both in Ooty and Madras. Many were the lovely drives I was taken; and an old friend having lent me one of his polo ponies, I was able to explore the neighbourhood, and follow the English pack of hounds which three days a week hunt the jackal over the glorious downs, which stretch for twenty or thirty miles beyond Ootacamund. Getting up at six o'clock in the fresh morning air, and returning about eleven, those gallops—over the far-stretching downs, with no fences, only an occasional boggy crossing at the foot of the hills to carefully cross—were wonderfully invigorating, and I very soon regained my health lost at Simla, and was able to do full justice to the delicious food provided at the Bishop's hospitable board. For the first time in India I tasted good bread and butter, the butter generally being like wax, and made, I believe, by shaking a small amount of

buffalo's milk vigorously in a bottle. All the Bishop's servants were Protestants, and it was curious to see them at prayers in the morning with their turbans lying by their sides, exposing their shaven heads, and reading the Bible in Tamool, the language spoken in that part of India.

When out hunting we often came across the Todas, the aborigines of the hills, an interesting tribe of people who live in curious round huts of wood, with no doors or windows; the only entrance being a small square aperture, through which they must crawl. The men are of splendid physique, with very handsome features of the Jewish type, wearing with great dignity their one garment, a large blanket; the women are not so good-looking; but both men and women seem to bestow a great deal of care on their hair, which is worn long and very shiny. They are polyandrists, the women having sometimes as many as seven husbands; and I have heard weird stories of the girl babies being thrown into boiling oil, or buried in the ground with only their heads showing, and herds of buffaloes driven over them; but I do not think these statements are true. By some people they are believed to be the lost tribe of Israel; only about five hundred of them now are left.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE staying at the Bishop's I painted a portrait of Major Grant, who had gained his V.C. shortly before at Manipur, and at the time I painted him was aide-de-camp to General Sir James Dormer, the Commander-in-Chief of Madras, whom I had known well in Egypt. He and Lady Dormer were away on tour at the time of my arrival at Ootacamund, but after my visit to the Bishop and Miss Gell I stayed for ten days with the Misses Dormer, and on the Commander-in-Chief's return he, with his usual kindness, suggested I should accompany him and his daughters on his next tour to Bangalore and Hyderabad, for the purpose of introducing me to the Maharajah of Mysore and the Nizam. This invitation I delightedly accepted, and on the appointed day I left Ooty with His Excellency and staff and the Misses Dormer in a long procession of tongas down to Mettapollium, a salute of thirteen guns being fired as he departed. A

special train took us to Bangalore, where we were met by the principal military officers, and driven by Major Pigott, D.S.O., on the coach of the 21st Hussars (now Lancers) to our quarters, with an escort of Madras Lancers, the salute of thirteen guns again being fired.

The week we spent at Bangalore was a succession of entertainments—dinners, balls, picnics, given in honour of the Commander-in-Chief; and at the races I was introduced to His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore, the handsomest and most courteous of all the rajahs I met in India. He was always most neatly dressed in a perfectly fitting gray frock coat, with a beautifully arranged turban of well-chosen colours—gray and gold, blue and silver, crimson and gold; in the evening it was generally white and gold, and worn with a black velvet coat with diamond buttons as big as shillings, and a diamond necklace presented by Her Majesty on his marriage. He seemed anxious for me to paint him and his wife and five children, and arranged an interview with me the following morning at his palace, where accordingly I went. There was nothing much of interest to be seen in the palace, which was quite newly built, and recently furnished; the solid glass chairs and tables in the drawing-room were, however, a novelty, and the ebony doors, inlaid with ivory, very beautiful.

It was arranged that I should come to Mysore in October, and paint him and his five children, and Her Highness, if she could be persuaded to sit, but about this the Maharajah was doubtful, for she had a great prejudice against receiving English ladies, and I afterwards heard the reason was that an English lady, after being honoured with an interview, described the Maharanee as looking "just like an ayah." This tactless remark was unfortunately repeated to Her Highness, and since then she had only received the wives of very high officials.

We saw in Bangalore the well-known statue, which when unveiled by the General after its erection was found to be painted in red, white, and blue stripes, by a reckless young subaltern, and the effect on the General is so graphically described in that charming book, "The Lays of Ind." A meet of coaches took place while we were there, and it was surprising to see how many could be mustered; the Maharajah drove off first with his beautiful team, we following on the 21st Hussar coach. When I was staying in Mysore, a month or two later, and was given the box seat on His Highness's coach, as we drove through the city the natives prostrated themselves on the ground before him, rubbing their foreheads in the dust; and the Maharajah told me that when he first began to drive

his subjects thought "it was very undignified for royalty to be its own coachman."

From Bangalore we went on to Hyderabad, and I noticed for miles before we reached that city the ground was covered with huge stones, several hundreds of tons in weight, piled one on the top of the other, and some appearing to rest in such precarious positions that it seemed as if the finger of a child would suffice to push them over. Their angles exhibited a rough polish or roundness, as if at some remote time they had been exposed to waves of great power.

A day or two after we arrived we had an interview with His Highness the Nizam, which was not very interesting. He is a very small thin man with a sleepy expression, and was wearing a tight gray frock coat and yellow turban. He said very little, but continually rolled his eyes up into his head, only showing the whites; this may be the effect of drinking green Chartreuse out of a mug, which I was told is his constant habit; anyway, it gave him a very odd appearance. When I was introduced to him as an artist, and intimated that I should like to paint him, he said he should be very pleased, but I must do it without any sittings; and promptly hid himself behind the portly figure of his Prime Minister. He showed us several of his best horses, which had been taught to amble in the

way that many of these Eastern potentates love. A row of elephants with howdahs were awaiting our pleasure, but a violent thunderstorm came on, so that amusement was deferred until another day.

The next time, a year later, I was invited to the Nizam's palace to meet their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne at a banquet; and it was then a wonderful sight, being a blaze of illumination, as well as the streets that led to it through the picturesque native city, which were lined with soldiers. During the banquet small pies were handed round, from which, when the crust was broken, a little live bird flew out; this is, I believe, the usual custom at a great feast. The crackers given at dessert were over a foot long, containing quite nice presents. The Nizam was present at the dinner, and made a speech, but in such a low voice, it could only be heard by those quite close to him. Splendid fireworks, in the spacious courtyard of the palace, concluded the evening's entertainment.

I saw a cheetah hunt at Hyderabad, and never want to see another, for it can scarcely be called sport. We started off in the early morning, most of us on elephants, but a few riding. The cheetahs were taken, chained and blindfolded, in a cart, and when they got within fifty yards of a graceful little

black buck—which round Hyderabad are almost tame—the chains were unfastened and the hood taken off, and in a few tremendous bounds the cheetah had seized the black buck and was sucking the life-blood from its slender throat. The *mahout*, or driver of our elephant, was most anxious to hurry up to be in at the death, but we had no such desire, and with difficulty made him keep where he was, for it was a horrid sight.

Major Sir Afsar Jung, one of the best whips in India, drove us on his coach through all the narrow winding streets of Hyderabad city, to a place called Golconda, where, after mounting the tower, we breakfasted under orange trees at eight in the morning. I went another day to breakfast at Sir Afsar Jung's house, and was introduced to his daughter, a pretty, graceful creature; but the beauty of her Indian dress was spoilt by trousers, which are worn by the Hyderabad women full to the knee, then tight to the ankle.

Before we left the Commander-in-Chief reviewed the troops, and a most unusual sight was the elephant battery, the guns looking like little toys compared to the huge creatures who were drawing them. Formerly they were taught to raise their trunks and trumpet as they passed the saluting point, but I was sorry to hear this performance had been discontinued.

As may be imagined, I was very sorry when the Commander-in-Chief's tour was over, for it was a wonderful experience for me to see India in such luxury and state, as we always had an escort of cavalry wherever we went, and our arrival and departure announced by a salute of thirteen guns.

One of the Misses Dormer was married soon after this tour, and a native noble, when congratulating the bridegroom-elect, said, "I hear that you are going to marry the eldest daughter of the Commander-in-Chief;" and when told the eldest daughter was already married, replied, "Well, I hear you have made a very good selection among the *remnants*." This recalls to my mind the remark of an old gardener, who, when told the plainest of his master's daughters was about to be married, said, "Wal now, them that's the least loikely, is sometimes more loikelier than them that's the most loikeliest."

The only commission I got from going to Hyderabad was from the Prime Minister, for whom I painted a portrait. A Parsee lady called on me and wanted a picture painted from a photograph of a dead relation. She wished me to be very particular over the jewellery, as she had heard that English artists, though so clever in painting faces, were not so careful about detail. She detained me a long time giving me full instructions,

and then inquired the price, and on hearing, exclaimed with surprise, "Why, you are much dearer than a photographer!" and hurriedly left. Another commission I am afraid I lost from want of tact. An unusually dark gentleman, even for a native, was announced one morning; he was dressed in European clothes and a tall hat, and told me he was anxious to have the Resident painted; and during our conversation I incidentally referred to the natives of India as his fellow-countrymen. To my utter astonishment he said indignantly, "Madam, I am an Englishman." Needless to say, I never got that commission.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON my return to Ootacamund I stayed at Government House with Lord and Lady Wenlock, and there painted the latter's portrait, with her little daughter, the Honourable Irene Lawley, an almost impossible little lady to keep still, but most amusing and original. The Maharajah of Vizianagaram, who was in Ooty for a few days, happened to see some of my work, and was most anxious I should go to Vizianagaram as soon as I could, to paint him, his mother, wife, and sister; but my commissions in Mysore had first to be executed. I arrived there early in October, and was entertained by the Maharajah's English secretary, at whose house the Maharajah gave me sittings; but his five children I painted in the old palace, which was a charming old place, full of interesting relics—a gallery of old paintings; an armoury, where Tippoo Saib's sword was pointed out as the principal object of interest; a music-room, containing a phonograph; every chair

I sat on played a different tune, lions roared by pulling their tails, automaton barristers gesticulated excitedly as if pleading their cause, wax clowns smoked cigarettes; it was a room to delight the heart of any child, and contained two beautiful organs and a tremolo piano.

The children of the Maharajah were charming to paint, and on the whole good little things; the very little English they knew they were too shy to speak, their principal remark being "béhé," meaning "lady," and pointing to the door, a hint they wanted to go. They were covered with jewels, and the Maharajah was very particular that all the pearls should be represented the exact size of the originals. I never saw the Maharanee, but she constantly sent me presents of fruit and cakes; and one day the principal attendant brought me a tray of cakes, and holding between his black fingers a piece of what looked like blancmange, requested me to taste it; I, not fancying it after being so much fingered, made various excuses, but he persisted in saying it was very good, and got it nearer and nearer my mouth, until, in desperation, I explained that English people did not take food from other people's fingers, but always used a fork or spoon; he looked very surprised at this, and said they had not got a fork or spoon in the palace, natives always eating with their fingers.

I was anxious to get the criticism of the Maharajah while the children were sitting in the morning, but he seemed very reluctant to come, and at length explained that, after his prayers and bath, and when taking his food, he wore the native dress of white linen, with naked feet, and did not like to appear before me in that costume. In the afternoon he often came to the tennis court and played with us, and several times drove me on his coach and motor car.

A curious coincidence happened near Mysore. A bungalow was built on the site of an Indiar temple, and occupied by three Englishmen, which so enraged the Hindoo priests, that one of them stood outside and cursed the house and its inhabitants and foretold a violent death to them all within the year; and, strange to say, one was shot, another was drowned, and a third was killed by a fall from his horse before twelve months had elapsed. The deserted bungalow was pointed out to me.

We spent a most interesting day at Seringapatam, stormed by the British in 1799; it lies ten miles from Mysore. We saw the historical breach made in the wall; Tippoo Saib's tomb, which is carefully preserved and covered with valuable draperies; the dreadful dungeons, where so many of the English were confined, and the exact spot where Tippoo was captured; and as we drove home saw

THE CHILDREN OF H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE.

numbers of flying foxes hanging from the branches of the trees, and I would much rather see them there, than hanging on the mosquito curtains round my bed as they did in Hyderabad.

The following year I paid a second visit to Mysore, receiving an invitation from the Maharajah to attend the Dasara, and there I spent a most enjoyable and idle ten days. Sixty guests were invited, three streets of tents being pitched outside Government House, where we all went for each meal, and were royally feasted. It was my first experience of a tent, and I thought it delightful. The Dasara is a ceremony which takes place annually in Mysore, the Maharajah sitting in state for several days, cross-legged and immovable, like a god, on a throne, under a golden umbrella surmounted by a bird's head holding an enormous emerald in its beak. The day after we arrived this trying ordeal for His Highness came to an end, and we were the last to file past him in procession, he presenting to each of us a tiny bunch of flowers and a long bottle of otto of roses, tied up with cloth of gold. Every man was in uniform, or some form of state dress; and the gentleman who was told off to conduct me to the entertainment was a civil servant of the state, and wore a most comical get-up—white duck trousers with a gold stripe, blue cut-away coat with brass buttons, and an antiquated

very tall hat, the costume of about fifty years before. We sat in a long gallery looking down into the courtyard of the palace, where all sorts of amusements were provided—a musical ride by the Maharajah's cavalry, jugglers, and wrestlers; the latter, being rubbed over with oil, looked like huge brown worms as they writhed about. Fireworks concluded the entertainment, many of them representing animals, so grotesquely drawn that they afforded us the greatest amusement.

The day after the reception His Highness descended from his throne, and, seated in a silver-gilt howdah on his biggest elephant, elaborately painted and wonderfully caparisoned, he rode through the streets of his city, attended by all his army, ministers, state officials, elephants and camels, to the race-course, where he dismounted, changed his dress, prayed to the god of war, then mounted a beautiful black charger and reviewed his troops, putting an imaginary enemy to flight. After which he again changed his dress, remounted the elephant, and with the procession—which now carried torches, as it was quite dark—returned slowly through the city to his palace. It was a thoroughly Oriental spectacle, and I felt very grateful to His Highness for giving me the opportunity of seeing it.

The following days were spent in a ceaseless

round of amusements—dances, theatricals, dinners, races, and polo matches—riding horses, carriages, and elephants always at our disposal. One morning we went to see the elephants having their bath; the huge creatures seeming thoroughly to enjoy it. Some of us were anxious to ride one home, but the difficulty was the mounting, as there were no steps at hand, so the elephant was made to kneel; its keeper twisted its tail into a loop, and we were told to step first on its great foot, then on to the loop in its tail and so on to its back, and off we rode to Government House. One of our party on the way lost her hat and her hat-pin, which were both picked up by the elephant and gently presented to her over his back with his trunk.

From Mysore I went by sea from Madras to Calcutta again, and almost the first person I saw on arriving was Lord William Beresford, who had come to meet Lady Wenlock, who was travelling by the same steamer; and he told me that he had good news for me, as the Viceroy had heard from Canada, and it was decided I should paint his portrait for that Government, and he would let me know as soon as possible when His Excellency could give me sittings. The first part of this my second visit to Calcutta I stayed with friends in a flat over the Currency Office, and afterwards in the Fort, in most commodious officers' quarters built

over one of the gates. I had scarcely been a day in the city when the Maharajah of Vizianagaram called on me, requesting me to paint his portrait at once, as he was leaving in eight days. Thinking he only wanted a head done in that time, I took to his palace a small canvas, but, to my dismay, found he intended to be done full length, life size, and had got a canvas already prepared for me—so I had to set to work immediately. The great difficulty was to find a room with the proper light; the only one available had a stained glass window, which was at once ordered to be taken out. The Maharajah, who was a fine handsome man of forty-two, was dressed in a sort of uniform, with a gold turban covered with jewels, resting his hand on a sword presented to him by the Prince of Wales. He was very fond of art, and could sketch fairly well. He showed me one picture he had painted, which was surprisingly good, of an Indian lady reading a love-letter, which elicited from me the remark, "So you too write love-letters in this country?" His answer was, "Oh yes, but not often to our wives." He told me his great ambition was to paint a large picture of Britannia, with one hand taking off the chains of slavery and with the other putting out the funeral pyre. He had a resident native artist, who was very useful in helping me to paint in the background and accessories to the portrait.

The Maharajah was a cultivated and well-read man, speaking French as well as English, and in his conversation often quoting Shakespeare. He was a very good sitter, and would never acknowledge that he felt tired, for, as he politely said, "It was the cause which makes the martyr." During one of the sittings he asked if I would do him a favour, and thinking it was to alter some portion of the picture, I readily assented; he then handed me a little blue velvet case, saying, "Will you kindly accept this? as I think all artists ought to have the time on their wrists;" and on opening the case, to my delight, I found an exquisite little watch bracelet set round with diamonds; a delicate and welcome hint not to keep him too long for his sittings.

Having to finish the picture in so short a time, I wished to remain all the afternoon to paint at the accessories, so asked if I might stay to lunch, and was much amused at the repast provided for me: on one plate, a piece of chicken, a slice of mutton, a slice of beef, half a meat pie, a large sausage, some very coarse salt, and a slice of bread, with a large goblet filled to the brim with champagne. The next day His Highness inquired if I had had what I wanted, and I suggested all I required was a roll of bread and a *paté de foie gras*. However, my next lunch was a roast chicken stuffed

with onions, and a *hot paté de foie gras;* another day some tinned frogs' legs were placed before me, which I at once presented to the carrion crows outside.

When the picture was nearly completed, the Maharajah mystified me very much one morning by saying, "I think it only right to tell you that my chief cashier is very ill; it is nothing infectious, but I only think it right to tell you;" and he would not further enlighten me. The next day I noticed the native artist had a very white scared face, so I inquired how the chief cashier was. "Dead," he answered in a horrified tone. "What did he die of?" "Cholera," he gasped, and then went on to tell me they were all leaving Calcutta that very day. And when the Maharajah came to give me his last sitting, he confirmed the artist's statement, but was very annoyed with him for telling me; however, I did not feel at all nervous, and continued after their departure to work at the palace every day, but had no more meals there, until I had finished the picture, which was exhibited in the Calcutta Exhibition.

H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF VIZIANAGARAM.

CHAPTER XIV.

IMMEDIATELY afterwards I received another commission to paint the Maharajah Jotundra Mohun Tagore. At first he desired to have only a head painted, then asked if I would mind making it a little bit bigger, to fit a panel, and then still a little bit larger to fit another space, until it ended by being nearly a full-length portrait, for which he only wanted to give me the price originally arranged for the head. There was a tremendous lot of detail to be put in it. He was an old man with a fine clean-shaven face; but he objected to me putting any shadow on one side of it, as his wives, he said, would think his skin was darker on one side than the other. He wore a white and gold turban, trimmed with a large spray of wild roses and leaves in diamonds, and a large aigrette tipped with diamonds; a blue satin coat braided with gold, and a paler blue velvet cloak thrown over it; a necklace of cut emeralds as big as marbles, formerly

belonging to the Empress Eugénie; another necklace of diamonds, the decoration of the K.C.I.E., with a portrait of the Queen, and "Heaven's light our guide" in diamonds round; an Indian shawl twisted round his waist, and slipped through it a dagger, with a handle of jade, carved to represent a bird's head, with ruby eyes, and on its neck the Maharajah's monogram in diamonds; this was a gift from Her Majesty; and all this magnificence ended in a pair of tight-fitting black cloth trousers. He was sitting in a gilt chair, the arms of which were finished by carvings of two jaunty ladies' heads, very much on one side; these I omitted, as well as a piece of looking-glass let into the back of the chair. By his right side was a small black marble table, supported by three gilt angels, and placed on it a golden hookah, which he was supposed to be smoking. The hookah had a bowl of Wedgwood, with designs of chariots and horses, each one of which I was expected accurately to portray; jewelled chains hung from the stand, studded with emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds, and yards of gold tubing.

His nephew, who was an art student, was intensely interested in watching me paint, and always stood behind me, questioning me as to the colours I was using, and asking me to give him a *recipe* for flesh colour. He was continually boasting of his uncle's

power and wealth, saying he was the only hereditary rajah ever created, and was allowed more outriders than any other, etc. Knowing that the number of guns allowed for a salute is always a sign of rank, the next time he began to boast in this way I said, "Being such a very great rajah, of course when your uncle leaves Calcutta he has a great many guns?" "He never leaves Calcutta, so does not want any guns," was his reply. One morning the Maharajah's son came to me, and with a little prefatory cough said, "Madam, we would like to give you victuals and drink, but as we do not drink sherry wine or eat currant cake, may I give you some betel nut to chew?" and forthwith some little three-cornered packets of betel nut, covered with gold paper, and very much scented, were handed to me on a silver salver, which I of course accepted, and gave them to my ayah, who sent them to her husband in Madras, as she said they were "royal."

The palace where I painted this portrait had a very imposing exterior, with sentinels in very gaudy uniform marching up and down outside; and there was a handsome reception room, but the passages and the room which I used as a studio were most untidy and dirty.

This portrait having been seen by the Rajah of Bhinga, he was very anxious to be painted in the

same style, with a hookah by his side, etc., but only being in Calcutta for a short time he had none of his belongings with him, so asked the Maharajah Tagore to lend him his, and he was woefully disappointed when, instead of the magnificent hookah I had painted, a shabby battered old thing was sent; however, I told him, by exercising a little imagination, I could transform it into even a more gorgeous one than the other; and I did, studding it with larger jewels, and making it altogether more handsome. This pleased him so much, he asked me to paint imaginary rings on his fingers and necklaces round his neck, as he explained he had lots at home. He was dressed in a black satin coat, richly embroidered in gold and pearls, and complained that I had not painted in the trimming on the back as well as on the front of his coat, and that the embroidery went all round his sleeves, but I had only put in half of it. I explained that if he wanted a portrait of his back I could turn the canvas round and paint it there, but it was impossible to do both back and front on the same side. He was also annoyed not to be able to see both his pearl earrings, as I had painted him three-quarter face, and he much wished to have the other shown somewhere on his cheek, or people would think he had only one; but this I declined to do.

My next and much more pleasant task was

painting H.E. the Viceroy. He sat for me in Government House from eight till nine o'clock every morning for a fortnight, and was one of the best sitters I ever had; and when I told him so, he said that people with nothing to do always found it difficult to sit still, even for five minutes, but to a busy man like himself it was a positive treat to know he had an hour's enforced rest before him.

I was very anxious he should not see the portrait until it was well advanced, and being a work on which so much depended, it was most important to me to make it a success. He was wearing the D.C.L. gown of Oxford, which degree was conferred on him on his return from Canada, and the Colonial star was his only decoration. The gown was difficult to paint, being bright scarlet, bordered with magenta silk. At the beginning of the eighth sitting he told me he thought he was very good, for he was most anxious to see the portrait, but had never once looked at it, and I invited him to look at it then and there, but he said he would wait until the end of that sitting; and it was a nervous hour's work for me, as I wished so much to improve the likeness, but in my anxiety was afraid I should lose it. At the end of the hour he descended from his chair and stood in front of the portrait for two or three minutes without speaking, and my heart was beating fast with apprehension as to what his

verdict would be, when he turned to me, saying emphatically, "It is excellent, and I am delighted; for it is not only a good portrait, but a charming picture;" and then asked if he might bring Lady Lansdowne and Lord de Vesci, who was then a guest at Government House, to see it. Their criticisms were favourable, and also Lord William Beresford's, who only suggested a slight alteration in the white linen collar.

The State Ball was shortly to be given, and Lord Lansdowne most kindly wished to have the portrait exhibited at the end of the ball-room; and Lord William told me he spent a whole day in searching Calcutta for a good reflector lamp to be placed in front of it. And I felt very grateful to him, for I was astonished, when I entered the room in the evening, to see the important position it occupied, and how well it looked, and I was congratulated on all sides. Before I left India I had to make seven replicas of this portrait, for Maharajahs Kuch Behar, Bettiah, Bhownugger, Dholpore, etc.

A short time after the portrait was completed I was present at a review of the troops on the Maidan by Sir Frederick Roberts. The friends with whom I was staying did not care to turn out so early as six a.m., but lent me their victoria, and the coachman having secured a very good place near the saluting point, I was watching with keen interest

the troops march by, and in the pause, when they were preparing to trot past, I noticed Sir Frederick looking in my direction and talking to Lord de Vesci, who was by his side. The idea that they were talking about me, which, for an instant, flashed across my mind, I put aside as absurd, when I saw Sir Frederick beckon to one of his aides-de-camp, who, after listening intently to the Commander-in-Chief's commands, saluted, and rode off through the attendant staff, by Lady Roberts, who was present in her pony carriage, right through the crowd and straight up to me. I was the cynosure of all eyes, and all sorts of ideas occurred to me—that I was too near the saluting point, or in a reserved enclosure, etc. However, Captain Furse, after congratulating me on looking so much better than when in Simla, and making inquiries as to whether I had sold my pony there, then said, "His Excellency has sent me to ask you when he may come and see your portrait of Lord Lansdowne as he hears it is so very excellent." And so my fears were dispelled, and having appointed a time to receive His Excellency, he rode back, and I heard Lady Roberts say as he passed her carriage, "What is it, Captain Furse?" for she had evidently been wondering as much as I had, but I now felt very pleased and flattered.

From Calcutta I returned by train to Madras, to

stay for another delightful three weeks with Lord and Lady Wenlock, and just give the finishing touches to her portrait, and try and persuade little Miss Lawley to sit still for five minutes, which, with the aid of her uncle, the Military Secretary, we were able to accomplish. Lady Wenlock is deeply interested in all things artistic, and a very clever artist, and some of her sketches made in India are charming. The first part of my visit was spent at Guindy, the Government House, about eight miles from Madras, a delightfully cool and beautifully situated residence, surrounded by an enormous deer park, and within easy reach of the seashore. I remember playing with Lady Wenlock's little girl on the sands there, and proposed we should bury her bucket; evidently fearing it would get lost, she said, "I don't think the bucket would like it."

We often drove into Madras to various functions; I, occasionally, being driven by Lord Wenlock in his phaeton, with an aide-de-camp in uniform behind, and escorted by the Body Guard of Madras Lancers with their picturesque turbans and pennoned lances. The week before I left was spent in the Government House in the middle of the city of Madras, for so many gaieties were going on, it was too far to drive in from Guindy. There was a polo match, the teams all being guests of

His Excellency; and the Bachelors' Ball, which is an annual affair, and held in the large banqueting hall which stands in the grounds of Government House, and is always distinguished by great originality displayed in the decorations of those grounds. One year it was converted into a snow scene, all the trees covered with imitation hoar frost, icicles, and snow—a delightful effect in hot Madras; another time the scenes on a willow-pattern plate were represented; the year I was there it was a Moorish town.

A very large evening entertainment was given by a Begum, and as we drove through large triumphal arches, bearing the inscriptions "Welcome to their Excellencies," and "God bless Lord and Lady Wenlock," the band struck up "God save the Queen." The hostess and her attendants only received the ladies of our party. They were all sitting cross-legged on divans, and, with the exception of the Begum, who addressed a few words in Tamool to Lady Wenlock, they merely bowed and shook hands. The Begum, who was a widow, was very shabbily dressed, having a woollen shawl wrapped round her; some of the others were smarter, and one very fat old lady was attired in white, with rather tight white trousers, which were not becoming. We were all decorated with necklaces made of gold tinsel and showered with otto

of roses, the Begum regretting she was not allowed to present handsome jewellery—I regretted it too. All sorts of amusements were provided in the illuminated gardens: nautch dances, and a sort of Maypole ribbon dance, very prettily performed by twelve nautch girls; a theatre—the play, being in Tamool, was difficult to follow, the loves of the gods and goddesses being the theme.

My portrait of Lady Wenlock, and a copy of Lord Lansdowne's picture, was exhibited in the Madras Fine Arts Exhibition, a description of which appeared in "The Madras Times," and, as an example of the flowery language indulged in by the educated Baboo, I must give it here.

"THE FINE ARTS EXHIBITION.

"It is a somewhat extraordinary and rather to be regretted circumstance that the Right Honourable gentleman, the Governor of Madras, should have made remarks at the opening of this show which have led many innocent persons, like my brother and myself, to spend money in visiting the Senate House. For whilst of course it is optional to these official gentlemen of supremely excellent salaries to think merely as it were of a bite of a flea or even of a mosquito in connection with the expenditure of the pocket money, it is most un-

satisfactory otherwise to other persons, although of quite respectable position. And it was a matter of surprise, with some consternation, to us, to find that the persons in charge of this exhibition had less of the spirit of Fair Trade than many of the shop gentlemen who advertise so much as to returning goods of an unapproved character. For when my brother—whom I put forward as a species of 'test-case'—inquired of the gentleman who had received our rupees at the entrance, what part of such money was capable of being refunded, in the view of any sentiments of painful dissatisfaction on the part of any spectator, he was informed that not even so much as one pie was recoverable. And when with some proper spirit of pertinacity he offered affidavit or verified petition in this matter, he was replied to in a series of offensive epithets that show how the high-handed insolence of the dominant race is still far too much prone to the barking, if not even actually to the biting or otherwise battering.

"Personally I am of opinion that an entry fee of two annas would be perfectly ample for these pictures and what not. Such persons who are quite pleased with all they see can very easily give more as they quit the hall, but the levy of a whole rupee on all persons falls with a singularly unjust and improper incidence upon many members of the society, whether Europeans or natives. For I

and my brother heard a large English gentleman characterize this exhibition in words that sounded —he was somewhat removed from us by space— like 'Sally Spindle!' which, from his countenance and the intonation of his voice, we gathered or inferred to mean that he also was experiencing certain throbbings of annoyance and disappointment.

"I shall proceed *in medias res* as to the merits of the pictures and so forth. The statistical return, made out with commendable care and promptitude by my brother, shows the following result:—Some forty-five artists showed eighty-six oil paintings, of which fourteen took prizes and ten were 'highly commended.' My brother, as also myself, came to the opinion that many of these benefits had been conferred in an unexpected and perfunctory fiasco-like manner. It was very interesting to see so large paintings of the Viceroy and Governor's lady and child, but having had some opportunities of seeing her Ladyship's face *viva voce*, I am of opinion that this picture is not a very correct resemblance. The dress, however, appears to be very much alike.

"There were many paintings with water colours on a side wall, but these are not of a very bold or rich kind of decoration, and my brother was averse to occupying much of the thought or the

time on such like. The screens for the new High Court were the best things submitted for the inspection of the public, but of these, it is to be remembered, that they will be open to public gaze free of cost in a very few months. The needle work of the Mahomedans was good, but it was impossible to avoid smiling *sotto voce* to myself when I perused the prices on the tickets attached to these wares. Altogether I am sorry that this exhibition has not been thrown open free of cost to all the world. It is evident many persons are not actuated by any anticipation of receiving any prize or any recompense for what they send, and it is probable, such is their thirsting greed and hunger for notoriety, that they will with readiness pay a fixed sum for the right to make exhibition of themselves, or perhaps, I should say, of their pictures. Then why cost anything to gentlemen who never paint pictures and have none to show?"

I saw a letter a lady had received from a baboo, the master of a railway station, where she was in the habit of sending an old coolie woman daily for her ice. It ran thus: "Madam, we request you will not send unto us your handmaiden of ice, for she is a garrulous female and we cannot tolerate her cheeks." On repeating this to a high official, he told me he once had a letter commencing,

"Your most stinking Excellency," instead of distinguished.

I possess a copy of another letter, in which a native sub-registrar, disliking the lonely district in which he was stationed, tried to enlist the sympathies of his superior by describing the horrors he had experienced by being pelted by a handful of small stones:

"From K. Sankara Aiyar, Sub-Registrar, Kadayanallur, to the Registrar of Tinnevelly.

"Sir,—I have the honour to let you know a very painful event which took place last night; it was a struggle between life and death, and I relate the same for your gracious perusal. Owing to heavy work in the office, brought upon by the absence of a clerk elsewhere, and by the Union collection now pushing ahead, I proceeded last night after supper to the office in company with my second clerk and the temporary clerk. We worked in the office till about nine p.m., and we returned home at this late hour of night with the servant to show us the way. On nearing the bridge in the Sevalavankal, we heard one hemming; it was a dark night; the sombre appearance was heightened by the dense foliage of the avenue on the road, superadded by the weird scene presented by the Iluppai groves on either side. We passed on to the second bridge quite unconscious of what was to come; nearing the

second bridge, my temporary clerk raised his voice, and accosted a half-muffled figure to give out who he was, dogging our steps, neither receding nor moving forward, but lying in wait in so much suspicious way. The question was returned by the muffled figure and two others (probably) with a volley of stones, clashing of clubs, and with such adventurous skill that we are chased with great fury and onslaught. We fled—fled with terrific speed—and cannot tell you, sir, under what state we were; it was a struggle between life and death. There was all precipitancy and haste which so much confounded us that we were mere corpses driven by electric speed, and that is all that we know. The volley of stones graced my eyebrows and—mercy of God—we escaped miraculously unhurt, except my clerk Subramania Aiyar, who tumbled headlong and wounded himself on the palm of his right hand and about his ankles. We reached the first house in the Agraharam in a state which you can conceive, with palpitation full Farenheit, stomach all disturbed, with burning sensation scarcely describable, with sense and consciousness given to the elements, with an utterable chaos about us, we dropped senseless on the pavement of the house at which we arrived. I may add that in our flight apart from the fear and the battle for life and hope we sent up a maniacal yell—so loud and

indistinguishable (probably) that our yellings were heard some furlongs away. I believe we never came here to be thus chased and murdered by hired assassins, and our acts never pointed the way for so much cruel work. I am willing to be murdered, only I must be shown a cause for it. Under the circumstances above detailed, I most humbly beg to inform you our lives and hopes are prospectively at stake to be stared off at any moment; we can do nothing else than pray to you jointly (the two clerks' prayers enclosed) with our outstretched arms to help us. In the morning, *in anticipation of your gracious permission* (which I entreat you to give), I transferred my office to a commodious house in the Agraharam, which for safety is quite warranted and no fear. I have related the foregoing humbly trusting that you will give us your paternal aid and I ask it unreservedly and with my full voice I am prepared to obey your orders, but only don't direct me to go back to that building: we should all then *discount* our lives to work there. You can inspect the building now chosen or direct one to see it for you.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"K. SANKARA AIYAR,

"Sub-Registrar."

CHAPTER XV.

FROM Madras I had arranged to go to Vizianagaram, which lies on the east coast of Southern India—a very out-of-the-way place then, there being no railway; and Lord Wenlock said, if nothing was heard of me within a month, he should have to send out a Merrick Relief Expedition. However, I am happy to say that was not necessary. I went to Bimlipatam by one of the small British India steamers, and drove from there to Vizianagaram, about twenty miles. For the second time a maharajah's guest-house was placed at my disposal; but this one was not nearly so prettily situated as the one at Dumraon, being on the outskirts of the native town, and close to a large pond, which, during the dry weather, had become so shallow, thousands of fish were lying dead on its banks; and the smell of the decaying fish was so offensive I did not think it could be healthy, and in answer to my request I was allowed to occupy another bungalow,

much further from the palace, but in much sweeter air.

The Maharajah called the evening of my arrival, and expressed a wish that I should at once commence the portrait of his mother; so the following day a carriage was sent, and I repaired to the palace, being shown the state rooms, the large dining and reception rooms, and the library, stored with all our standard works; all the rooms were very magnificent, and a striking contrast to the Maharajah's private ones, which were small, poorly furnished, and untidy. He conducted me at once to the Zenana, passing through a prettily-laid-out flower garden until we arrived at a large wooden entrance, looking like a tumble-down coach-house door; this was barred and locked, and being opened we entered a courtyard, with all sorts of rubbish stowed away in one corner—a broken child's perambulator, an old linen press, bottomless baskets, and rusty cans. A small baby elephant was waving his trunk about under a tree, with a monkey, scratching himself vigorously, sitting on his back. As we approached, a lame crane with a red beak hopped away to the furthest corner, then stood on its sound leg, with its head on one side, watching us with curiosity. Curtains were drawn aside and fell behind us as we entered the hall, and we passed into a large room, carpet and chairs all covered with holland, and in

the centre a marble table on which stood an ormulu clock, and sitting primly on each side, on gilt chairs, two women, one quite old, with handsome features, the other evidently her daughter, and rather pretty, but both having short hair—a sign they were widows. The Maharajah presented me to the elder as his mother, and to the younger as his sister, the Maharanee of Rewah, who had lately lost her husband. I thought the old Maharanee was rather curiously dressed for an Indian lady, but she told me that when she was painted she wished to look like Queen Victoria, and had therefore dressed herself in English costume. She was wearing a purple velvet pork-pie hat trimmed with three diamond stars, and a white veil covered with gold spangles hanging down the back; a purple velvet dress with a broad lace collar fastened by a large brooch, and open sleeves lined with white satin and edged with a *ruche*. As the velvet dress was made quite tight, and it was ninety-five in the shade, she must have been extremely uncomfortable. She asked me if I did not think the dress very handsome, and, not liking to disappoint her, I had to say it was.

Presently into the room walked a fat, plain, but most gorgeous lady, covered with gold and tinsel, blackened eyes, painted lips, jewelled rings through her nose, several round her ears, her hair arranged in

little gummed rings across her forehead, with a gold caste-mark between the pencilled eyebrows, and a bespangled gauze veil covering her head; a very short satin jacket, reaching only from her neck to just below her bosom, then the bare skin showing to her hips, but pretty well covered with strings of uncut emeralds and pearls; bare arms, with bracelets above and below the elbows; very full gauze skirts edged with tinsel; bare feet, the toes covered with rings and the ankles with bangles; never had I seen anyone quite so bedizened, and as she stood near the door in a shy, retiring way, as if afraid to intrude, and neither of the Maharanees taking the slightest notice of her, I said to the Maharajah, "I suppose this is a nautch girl," and bitterly repented the remark as soon as made, for he turned and said, "Oh, this is my wife;" and I have reason to hope he did not quite catch my words, for the next day he said, "I think I should like to have my wife painted full length, for her costume appeared to strike you as urious. What did you think she looked like yesterday?" and not liking to repeat my unfortunate remark, I said, "a Norwegian!" "Oh," he answered, "do they dress like that?" "Well," I answered, "they wear short skirts like Her Highness."

Hoping to get the old Maharanee to change her travesty of European clothes for her more becoming

Indian ones, I requested to be allowed to paint the younger ladies first. The Maharanee of Rewah could not sit still a minute—she was always looking in a hand-glass, arranging her hair, or altering her dress. The wife of the Maharajah was a much better sitter; after asking me to make her *pretty*, she sat quite still for any length of time, and when the others were out of the room was always bubbling with laughter; but I was sorry for her, as she was treated so unkindly by the others—never allowed to sit down in their presence, until the old Maharanee, by an imperious wave of the hand, intimated that she might, and never allowed to speak unless spoken to, which I thought was very hard, considering she was really the reigning Maharanee, and a Jeypore princess; but the others evidently disliked her, and the old lady told me she cried for three nights and three days after she first saw her, because she was so ugly; and another unfair grievance was, she had had a son, and it had died. She was very childlike and simple, loved to show me her jewellery or babyish little toys—a little man taking off his hat, or a goose that quacked and flapped its wings, etc., which were kept in the room. As the Maharajah one day said, "Poor things, they are just like babies."

When the time arrived for me to paint the old Maharanee, I asked to see some of her dresses, and

when she showed me her lovely embroideries, etc., I exclaimed, "Why does your Highness wish to wear English dress, when these are far more beautiful and becoming?" "Are they more beautiful?" she asked, and when I had persuaded her that they were, she consented to be painted in them, but insisted on wearing two diamond tiaras, one right on her forehead and the other further back. The dress chosen was a blue satin jacket reaching to her knees, and a soft white silk petticoat, both richly embroidered in gold; when not sitting for her portrait she wore a white linen shirt over white linen trousers, cut very large over the feet, like those worn by our sailors, only greatly exaggerated, and as she waddled across the room with very flat slippered feet—doing so little walking they do not walk well—she always reminded me of a Cochin China fowl.

In arranging her, she told me to be very careful not to touch her hands, as if I did she would have to go and have a bath. She only spoke Telagu, which I did not understand, so everything was translated for me by the wife of the doctor, who always accompanied me to the palace; however, when I was working on the portrait, the Maharanee waited until everyone was out of the room, then pointed to her face and said in a whisper "White," then pulled the skin round her eyes and on her forehead quite tight, meaning to imply that she

wished me to paint her fair and with no wrinkles. As she was over sixty and had a very dark skin, this was rather a difficult task, if it was to be a true likeness; but about that I do not think she was very particular, for she told me she was an old woman and would soon die, and she wanted posterity to think her handsome, as no doubt she had been. Many of my sitters have wished the same, but have not liked to put it so plainly. The wish to be painted *fair* is very excusable, as the light complexion is a sign of many generations of indoor seclusion, and therefore considered evidences of high caste and pedigree, which is the ambition of every woman to perpetuate, although her features, even on canvas, can be seen by no man but her direct relatives and descendants.

Her hair was quite gray, and I could scarcely keep from smiling one morning to see she had put on a black wig—a mass of little coarse corkscrew curls, and although she told me it was made from her own hair when cut off, it looked more like the scalp of a French poodle than anything else, and I did not hand her down to posterity in that.

She taught me to say in Telagu "Very good," and these words I only used when pointing to the portrait, when she would clap her hands and say, "Yes, yes, yes." The whole of one day, when she was not being painted, I noticed she was sitting

cross-legged on a divan, and, having kicked off her slippers, was rocking herself to and fro and studying a book. I inquired what she was doing, and was told she was learning a sentence in English to say to me before I left that afternoon: what was my surprise, when I went to wish her good-bye, to hear her say, with a bow and a smile, meaning to be quite polite, "Get out of this 'ouse, woman." I could not help laughing, and told her it was rude, but she assured me it was the first sentence in "polite speeches" in her book, and she pointed it out to me on the top of the page.

I amused them by drawing caricatures of all the household, and they said my visit was like "a feast," and I think they quite enjoyed having me in the palace, as they see so few from the outside world; and even when they drive out, the venetian blinds in their brougham are always down. The old Maharanee told me she had a short time before been present in her brougham at a review, and General Sir James Dormer—whom she described as a very gallant gentleman—had talked to her through the venetian blind, and deplored that the custom of the country prevented him from gazing on her features, as he felt sure from her voice that she was a vision of grace and loveliness: with this polite speech she was delighted. They said they could not understand how any woman of my age

could travel about the world as I did and come to no harm, and they thought it was very wonderful, and I must be very clever. One day I dressed myself like an Indian lady, wearing one of their muslin scarves or *sarees*, a yellow one with a silver border, painted my eyes, fixed a ring in my nose and a gold caste-mark on my forehead; they covered me with necklaces and bracelets, clapping their hands with delight, and dancing round me; and when my strange toilet was finished they sent for the Maharajah, who told me, so solemnly, that I looked so very much more attractive in those clothes than in my own, that I thought I had better take them off.

I had brought an old ayah with me from Madras, who did most ludicrously stupid things, and she was very anxious to see the portrait of the old Maharanee; so she was allowed to come to the palace, but only to stand outside the window, when she proved to be not quite so stupid as I thought, by exclaiming, when she saw it, "It is just like Queen Victoria." The Maharanee told her she was very *sensible*, and promptly rewarded her with five rupees and a large pot of mango chutney.

When the portraits were completed, and I had to wish the Maharanee a final good-bye, she expressed her great regret at parting, telling me she had grown quite fond of me; and, as she wished to shake hands, sent an attendant for a silk handkerchief,

and putting this over her hand, gave mine a hearty shake. Her parting gift was a hunter to ride at Ootacamund. The Maharanee of Rewah gave me two gold puzzle rings, one set with uncut rubies; and the young Maharanee of Vizianagaram a lovely Brussels net *saree*, woven with pure gold; and these presents, together with a handsome sum from the Maharajah, more than amply repaid me for a charming stay of a month at Vizianagaram.

I should have liked very much to have made small copies or sketches to carry away with me of these and all my portraits painted "behind the *purdah*"; but I felt it would have been a breach of confidence, as the portraits, like the originals, are so jealously guarded from any eyes but the husband's and near relations, and are destined only to be hung in the seclusion of the harem.

Before I left, His Highness asked me one day if I should like to see him eat his dinner. It is not the custom for them to eat with their wives, and I have since been told this was a most unusual thing for him to have done, and I found it most interesting. A chair was placed for me outside the door of a small room, the floor and walls of which were covered with tiles; it contained no furniture but a low wooden stool and a small table the same height. His Highness sat cross-legged

on the former, and explained that he used a stool because he was a Maharajah; otherwise he would have sat on the floor, as his adopted son's tutor was doing, with whom he was dining. The small table in front of him was covered with green leaves stitched together with straw, in lieu of a tablecloth; all his different curries were also placed in receptacles made of leaves. A silver soup-plate, filled with rice, was immediately in front of him. A servant attended, his only garment being a cloth round his loins; but the chocolate skin I always think so dressy. He first of all made a ring of sand on the floor all round His Highness and the tutor, to keep off the "evil eye," I believe, then handed the Maharajah a silver jug, made like a coffee-pot minus the handle, containing water, with which he sprinkled his hands; then took up some rice between his thumb and first finger, then between his first and second, and then his third and fourth, muttering to himself. He then turned to me and said, "You see what I did: I washed my hands, then ate my rice, saying a prayer, which is only a formality, and done to please the servants." He then began to dip into all the various dishes of curry, mix them with the rice into balls, and ate them out of the palm of his hand. He asked me, if he did this in London, what would people think of him, and I said, "I expect they would think it very funny to see you

eating with your fingers." "But," he answered, "I can wash my own fingers; you do not know how your knives and forks are washed." Some of his curries were often sent for me to the guest-house; they were very good, but nearly all too hot for my taste.

I returned to Madras in one of the largest British India steamers, chartered by His Highness, as he also was going there with a large retinue of followers. On the arrival of the steamer he was met by all sorts of officials, who brought long wreaths of flowers with which to decorate him, but he presented them all to me, saying they were much more becoming to a lady; and hearing that I was going to stay for two or three days at an hotel, he asked me to consider myself his guest while there, which was most courteous of him. It was quite exciting to watch the landing of his horses and elephants, which were slung over the side of the ship, and one by one rowed to the beach, on nearing which the boat was upset, and the animals had to swim ashore.

When we landed, my fat old ayah, being very lazy, asked if she might drive with me in the carriage instead of accompanying the bullock-cart with the luggage to the hotel, as she ought to have done. On its arrival, she came to me apparently in the direst distress, wringing her hands and loudly

sobbing; I thought she must at least have lost a near relation, but it was only the pot of mango chutney given to her by the Maharanee, which had been stolen out of her bundle.

CHAPTER XVI.

MADRAS was dreadfully hot, and I was delighted to get up once more to the deliciously cool heights of Ootacamund. I stayed on my way, however, for about a week, at Wellington, with Major and Mrs. Pigott, and there suggested I should paint his famous dog "Smoke," who had been with him all through the Nile campaign, and awarded a medal with five clasps, including Tel el Kebir and Abu Klea; and I painted him wearing this decoration. He was a fox-terrier, but not a well-bred one; having a big head, short legs, and an enormously broad chest. He was a very old dog, and not an amiable sitter, but I managed to make a successful portrait, and earned his master's everlasting gratitude, for he was devoted to the dog; and he had a vault built for him, bearing inscriptions in three languages, when his death occurred shortly after; and Major Pigott's son being born about this time, he was with difficulty dissuaded from calling him

"Smoke." Two unique silver match-boxes, designed like the sabretache of the 21st Hussars (now Lancers), to which regiment he belonged, was Major Pigott's present to me.

About a year after this he went out with the expedition to Coomassie, gained his C.B., became resident there, and, I am sorry to say, contracted the fever from which he died. An old comrade wrote thus of him in "The Daily Telegraph": "Disease, more terrible than war, has killed a man who, for his age, had escaped more dangers than any man in the Service, dangers into which the boldness of his spirit led him, and through which his ripe knowledge of war safely carried him. We read many examples in English military history of men of Pigott's stamp; but of the plucky men I have known in the army, none quite realized my idea of those old heroes except Pigott. The danger or impossibility of a task only increased his determination to fulfil it; so whenever a desperate man was wanted to do a desperate deed, Pigott was chosen. Of his deeds in South Africa during the 1882 campaign, of his hard work in the Egyptian army, his gallant conduct at Suakim, and of many other events in his life, I will not speak; but I cannot help recalling his action at Abu Klea, which will give soldiers, at all events, some idea of his courage. As the enemy were rushing to their

magnificent charge upon the left and left front of the small square some one ordered a screw gun to be placed and fired from the corner formed by the Mounted Infantry. The smoke from the first shot completely hid the rapidly advancing Arabs, and prevented our men using their rifles. Loud and deep were their imprecations and curses. Pigott fully realized that if another shot were fired, the enemy would be upon us before the smoke had risen, and that we should be destroyed, as were our comrades of the Heavy Camel Corps. There was not a moment to be lost. The gun was 'run up' for firing, the gunner's hand was on the lanyard, but Pigott could not reach the man. He rushed, therefore, to the muzzle of the gun, threw up his hands, and, at the risk of being blown to pieces, stayed there until all chances of the gun being fired was over.

"I can see his gallant figure now, as he faced almost certain death. No voice could be heard above the roar of musketry and the wild yell of our foes. Had he fallen, had the gun been fired, the deed would have perished with the Camel Corps, which his timely action saved from destruction. When, after three days of constant fighting, during which we lost our general, Colonel Burnaby, and many officers and men, Sir Charles Wilson determined to send back despatches, he selected Pigott

for the dangerous task of riding back over the lonely desert road to Korti: we escorted him through the Abu Klea Gorge, but his guide lost the path a few hours afterwards, and for two days and nights they were without water and almost without food. Pigott tried remonstrance and threats in vain on the Arab guide. Finally, they both made an effort to retrieve the way, as death was staring them in the face. The effort was unsuccessful, and the guide in despair threw dust on his head and said, 'Excellence, we have lost the way; we cannot find it, but at least we can die here like brave men.' 'Not together,' said Pigott, 'you will die first. I shall drink your blood, and that may give me strength to find the path.' This appalling proposition so alarmed the Arab that his wits suddenly returned to him, and in a few hours they recovered the bone-whitened path to Gakdul. Poor Pigott! who could have foretold that he of all men—active, robust, full of plans for the future and commanding a cavalry regiment in the field, his darling ambition—would have succumbed so young with so few hopes fulfilled? He knew that he must die when he arrived in England from Ashantee; and, though life was precious to him, and its future full of the brightest promise, he met the knowledge undauntedly, and faced the grim veteran he had so often defied before, with the calm courage so typical

of his character. No doubt there have been in our army men as brave as Pigott, but there never was a braver; and as long as this generation of soldiers lives he will be remembered by none perhaps better or more fondly than by his comrades, to whom he was endeared by many deeds of kindness and sympathy, and to whom his example gave support in moments of danger."

On my arrival at Ootacamund, I found the Maharaj Rana of Dholpore, to whom I had been introduced at Simla by Lord William Beresford, had come for the season to hunt, with all his belongings; he had taken a large house, and had stables built for his ninety horses. Hearing that I was there, he at once intimated that he should like me to paint his Ranee. An interview was arranged at the house, and I was introduced to Her Highness; she was about two and twenty, quite pretty, with an oval face and refined features, and very fair for an Indian, her dark hair having streaks of auburn in it. She was slightly marked with the small-pox, but a few yards off it was not discernible; her hands were small and delicate, and nearly white; she had charming manners, and could speak a little English. She was in mourning, which means white drapery and no jewellery, for the Maharajah had lately lost his other wife; for he had had two at the same time, the deceased Maharanee being the mother of his

three children, to whom the present one, having none, was most devoted; and he told me she bitterly felt the loss of the other Ranee, they being more than sisters, and complained she had now no one with whom she could enjoy beautiful scenery or share good news.

The room where I was received had the floor and couches covered with handsome skins of lions, tigers, bears, white leopards, and silver foxes, the chief ornaments consisting of silver cups and bowls, some very handsome, won by the Maharajah for shooting, polo, pig-sticking, and racing, for he is an excellent sportsman. He is a small, wiry man, with a splendid seat on a horse, and to see him out hunting, in his loud checks and sporting get-up, he might be mistaken for a groom if you were not near enough to see that the puggaree round his solar topee was pinned on by black, white, and pink pearls of great value. He presented a striking contrast to the Maharajah of Vizianagaram in the hunting field, who usually wore a small pink turban, an alpaca loose coat, white linen trousers, very tight at the ankle, and tennis shoes; and every now and then would dismount, get into his carriage, which followed him, and smoke a hookah for five minutes.

The Maharanee of Dholpore wished me to choose which dress she was to be painted in, and hundreds of beautiful pieces of drapery were brought in and

spread on the floor by her graceful attendants, who were dressed in soft clinging muslins of delicate tints; their manner was most respectful before her, standing with downcast eyes. Among so many lovely dresses it was difficult to make a choice; but finally a white silk muslin, woven thickly with gold thread, was selected; and then the jewels were brought for my inspection, and they fairly took my breath away—dozens of diamond tiaras, necklaces, waistbands, bracelets, and rings. The Maharajah of Dholpore is supposed to have some of the finest pearls in the world, and for the first time I saw a yellow pearl, which looked like burnished gold. The jewellery and dress being chosen, I had to find a room to make into a studio; and I found this the greatest difficulty, as a verandah ran all round the outside of the house, making all the rooms too dark, and I ended by choosing a bath-room, the only room which had no verandah outside. It was very small in which to paint a full-length portrait, but I was so accustomed by this time to work under difficulties that I was not too particular.

I was delighted at the appearance of the pretty little Maharanee at her first sitting: she wore a bodice of yellow and white brocade, edged with gold braid, and the white muslin woven with gold, which I had chosen, most beautifully draped—as I afterwards heard, by her husband—on her slight,

graceful figure; it fell in folds from the left shoulder, where it was fastened by a huge pearl surrounded by diamonds, and confined round the waist—which she told me before breakfast was only seventeen inches—by a woven gold belt with diamond clasp, and then reached the ground in front, and was caught up again in some curious way, for she walked inside the dress as if it were a bag, her feet not being seen at all, and the train fell behind in folds like a half-open fan. The Maharajah told me that only Dholpore ladies wore their dresses draped in this fashion, and it certainly was very quaint and pretty, and very cleverly managed when one remembered that their dresses are merely long pieces of straight drapery, many yards in length. A splendid tiara of diamonds was worn on her head, her hair being dressed high, and magnificent necklaces and bracelets of pearls and diamonds. One day the tiara was left behind for me to work from. I placed it on a cushion, when suddenly it fell down, and out dropped a small diamond, which I carefully wrapped in paper and put in my paint-box, and each day I asked His Highness to take it, fearing it would get lost; but every time he made an excuse, until at last he said, "Take it out, and give it to the first man you meet outside; do you think I can be bothered to take that little diamond to Calcutta?"

The portrait was of the deepest interest to all the Zenana ladies, and generally when I arrived in the morning I found four or five standing in front of it, making laughing remarks. Some of these women were very pretty, and there seemed crowds about, and all as happy and light-hearted as possible, flitting about in their various-coloured muslins, swinging in the garden, and playing games or sewing in the verandah.

One day when the Maharanee was sitting to me I heard a small baby crying, and asked her, "Whose baby is that?" She calmly answered, "The Maharajah's." I said, "Oh, no; that is surely the cry of a much smaller baby than the little Prince" (who was two years old). "But," she replied, "the Maharajah has lots of babies, lots of ladies, not ranees, but other ladies; he has ten here and ten at Dholpore." I told her that English wives would not like that sort of arrangement. Her reply was in quite a pitying tone: "Poor English ladies; one big house, one lady so dull; I never dull, always plenty ladies, always plenty babies to play with." So I found that, instead of envying us, the women of India think we are objects of pity. She had the baby that was crying brought in for me to see, and was evidently quite proud of it, saying it was very fair, like its mother, who was very handsome.

The Maharajah seemed devoted to his wife: he would often walk into the room with his arm round her waist, and pat her on the cheek when she was sitting for her portrait, and was always singing her praises, saying she was not only a pretty woman, but a very intelligent and plucky one. When at Dholpore she often accompanied him out shooting, and even when riding was an excellent shot, and had a saddle the buckles and stirrup of which were of solid gold. He was delighted with her portrait, and pointed out parts of it as being A 1, and commissioned me to paint his three children and the late Maharanee's brother, who was the fattest young man I have ever seen; I am afraid to say how many stone he weighed, but he could ride in no carriage that was not built expressly for him or the springs broke at once; and when sitting to me the floor gave way under him and he nearly rolled off his chair, which he thought an excellent joke. The first few sittings he wore a gigantic pink turban, and after I had painted it in, he had it changed to a pale blue, saying, "Please paint my turban blue;" the next time he said, "I think I should like my turban to be red," and this went on until I had painted in four different colours, when I had to strike at altering it any more, and it ended by being a dark blue with a gold border, which I persuaded him was the most becoming to his very large face. Although

I only painted his head and shoulders, I had to use a "Kit-kat" canvas, on which I generally paint a small half-length.

The Maharajah's son and heir, aged about eleven, was a dear little boy, and, although he stammered very much, used to entertain me during his sittings with anecdotes of sport in which he had taken part, and I am afraid he was rather apt to draw the "long bow"; but, although he was so young, he really was a first-rate shot, for I have often seen him hit clay pigeons as well as his elders; and he rode splendidly to hounds, although his small legs could scarcely reach across the big English mare on which he was mounted. The little girl was a sweet little thing, but very shy, and when not in her best clothes, but playing about in the garden, generally wore trousers. The baby prince was the best model of them all, and would sit for any length of time, gazing at me solemnly with big brown eyes; the only trouble was his baby's hat, which was so heavily trimmed with jewels it was continually falling off.

A difficult task I had to perform was painting, from several photographs which were not considered very good, a posthumous portrait of the late Maharanee: the conflicting instructions I had to follow in drawing the different features were most puzzling. When all these commissions were completed the

Maharajah wished to have a full-length portrait of himself; but he was incorrigible as a sitter: I could seldom get him to come at all, and when he did it would only be for five minutes, so I had to paint his face in snatches, and his figure from a primitive lay figure made up of cushions, etc., dressed in his clothes, for none of the servants or any friend were allowed to wear them. He was a blaze of jewels, wearing the famous necklace of pearls as big as cherries, worn close to his neck, besides twelve rows of other pearls as large as marbles. I asked him one day to calculate the value of the jewellery in which I had painted him, and it amounted to £300,000. Nothing pleased him better than to show to a visitor his horses, which were really a superb stud, or his jewels, of which he was inordinately proud. He was always telling me how much finer they were than any other rajah's in India, so I described to him a most magnificent tiara I had been shown at Messrs. Hamilton's, the principal jewellers in Calcutta, who told me there was not another to be compared with it. It was large enough to half encircle a turban, and surmounted by twenty-nine pearls as big as small plums, with an enormous diamond the size of a shilling in the centre of the purest water. He listened attentively to my description, and then quietly remarked, "Yes, that is mine;" and so it proved to be, for afterwards I had to paint

it. It was worth ten lacs of rupees, or £100,000, but I thought it was very ugly when worn, making the head look so enormous.

The Maharanee of Patiala and her little son were guests of the Maharajah of Dholpore, and she was, I believe, at the time very annoyed with her husband for having married shortly before an Englishwoman, the daughter of his stud manager, a pale, delicate little thing, whom I once saw driving in the afternoon, wearing an enormous diamond necklace formerly belonging to the Empress of the French. However, she did not long enjoy the exalted position which she imagined she had attained, although she was not received into the best society, for before she had been married two years both she and her baby were dead. His Indian wife, who was very dark and very plain, with enormous ears, boasted that she was the real Ranee, and her son the heir to Patiala. I was quite sorry for him, poor little boy, for one rainy day I heard a pathetic little voice calling out, "Mum-mah, mum-mah," and, looking out of the window, saw the little heir of Patiala standing in the pouring rain by a chair, with only a little white shirt on, reaching barely to his knees. I beckoned to him to come to me, but he pointed to one of his chubby little legs, so I went out and found it tied by a cord tightly to the leg of the chair. I could not resist untying it and bringing him into

my room, where I tried to induce him to remain by offering him bananas, etc.; but he was not happy until he got back to the Zenana, and soon after I heard the pathetic little voice again, calling out "Lady" as well as "Mum-mah" this time. But I feared to incur the Maharanee's displeasure if I released him again, as doubtless he was put there for punishment; and if he was naughty it was not to be wondered at, as I heard it was his parents' great delight to see him drink whisky and soda, and try and smoke cigarettes. He was not much more than three years old.

I am sorry to have to record that before I finished my work for the Maharajah of Dholpore the women of his Zenana behaved very rudely: they threw stones at me when I arrived in the morning, flattened their noses against my window, putting their tongues out, and sometimes six or eight would crowd into the small room where I was painting, smearing my painting, and making grimaces and giggling, and nothing would induce them to leave. I used to try and go on with the portraits, but it was too distracting, and at last I was forced to complain to the Maharajah; but he did not help me in the least, and appeared to consider it a great joke. This was the only time during my sojourn in India that I was not treated with the respect due to an Englishwoman.

When the Maharajah of Vizianagaram came up to Ooty he gave me a curious order—to paint life-sized heads of his private secretary, billiard-marker, artist, and three other of his dependants, spending only an hour and a half on each. His excuse for the shortness of the time allotted me was that he wished to see how it was done; and he sat behind and watched me the whole time, inquiring what colours I was mixing, etc.

I one day showed him a miniature I had painted on ivory, and I could scarcely make him believe I had done it, he saying it was impossible for anyone who painted such large pictures to be able to do anything so minute, and he at once ordered miniatures of all the Madras members of council, which he wished to be mounted on a gold shield.

A hawker came one day while I was working there, displaying all his silks and embroideries in the verandah, and when I got into my carriage I found His Highness had placed in it twenty-five yards of lovely white silk. The last portrait I executed for him was a full-length of H.E. Lord Wenlock, in full dress as Governor of Madras, which was destined to hang in the Admiralty House there.

I should have liked very much while in India to have been present at a tiger shoot, but never had the chance. Lord Wenlock told me of one

occasion when he was tiger-shooting they had traced the beast to a cave, which nothing would induce him to leave, until they dropped pieces of burning wood through an aperture in the roof; then with a tremendous roar he sprang out and down a drop of thirty feet, his four paws and tail spread out to break the fall, and it was a splendid sight. They only wounded him slightly then, but afterwards, when he was finally despatched, they found he had grazed his shoulder on a rock as he landed. One day, when I was painting the Maharajah of Dholpore, he announced he was just off to shoot a tiger which had been found near Mysore, and on asking him on his return if he had been successful, said, "Oh, yes," as it had been caught and kept in an enclosure for him to shoot, at which I was very surprised, and could not help saying I did not call that *sport*. I remember too, when at Jodhpore, two leopards which had been confined in cages were set free for the benefit of the Maharajah's guests, six guns being in readiness to fire at them, and I was delighted to learn that they both escaped, only one being slightly wounded in the tail.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOON after I had completed Lord Wenlock's portrait I returned to England, spent the season in London, and had the honour of painting, among others, H.R.H. Princess Christian, which was to be presented to the Prince on his birthday. I found her a most charming sitter, and deeply interested in all I had to tell her about India; and she was much amused at my account of the old Maharanee of Vizianagaram dressing herself in a purple velvet dress and a pork-pie hat, to look like Her Majesty, which anecdote she said she must repeat to "dear mamma."

In less than six months I was back in India, braving the discomfort of the monsoon in the Indian Ocean, and we had a tremendous tossing. Poona was my destination this time, the season being then at its height. A short time after my arrival I had an invitation to stay with Lord and Lady Harris at Government House, Gunesh Khind;

and their annual fancy ball took place while I was there, some of the costumes being most original. I remember being very surprised at General Nairne, who took me into supper, telling me that the dress he was wearing was the identical one he wore when he was gazetted as an ensign in the Royal Artillery, so his tall, slight figure had not altered in the least. The coat had fringed epaulettes, and at first I thought it must be a naval uniform.

Nothing could exceed Lord and Lady Harris's kindness and anxiety to get me another commission from a rajah, and before my visit was ended Lady Harris brought me a letter which contained the good news that the Maharajah of Kolapore wished to have his portrait painted; so off to Kolapore I started, and just at that time was not sorry to leave Poona, for I had been asked to judge the pictures at the Amateur Art Exhibition, and not liking to award the prizes on my own responsibility, asked General Gatacre, who is a clever artist, to help me, and the week following the opening of the Exhibition I was besieged with questions as to my reasons for not giving a prize to everybody, for all seemed to expect it, and I am afraid I made many enemies. One captious critic complained that in a very spirited picture of a foreshortened artillery team, galloping across a sandy plain in a cloud of dust, the twenty-four legs of the

horses were not clearly defined, and therefore did not merit the prize conferred upon it.

I took with me to Kolapore my ayah, a charming little person whom I had discovered in Poona, and whom I selected for her pretty intelligent face from a long row of short, tall, thin, fat, old, and young ones who came on my arrival in the hopes of being hired. My choice of Pauline was a lucky one, as she has proved a most useful servant, and I have her still, for, like all natives who become attached, she is most faithful.

At Kolapore, which is only a night's journey from Poona, I stayed with the young Maharajah's English tutor and his wife, and the next day went to the palace, which was quite near, to make arrangements for painting the portrait, which was to be on a canvas ten feet high, and destined to hang at the end of the large Durbar Hall. To get a stand to hold such a canvas, and then to arrange a platform for me to reach the whole of it, was a work of some difficulty. My platform was made of tables piled one on the other, surmounted by a stool, on to which I had to climb every day at the risk of breaking my neck.

The young Maharajah had only lately been placed on his *ghuddi* or throne. He seemed to find sitting very irksome, and would continually sigh, and ask how much longer he must stay, calling for

glasses of water, and never remained more than twenty minutes. He was about nineteen, and tall and stout, and not nearly so handsome as his brother, whom I afterwards painted. The peculiarities of his dress were, that below all his necklaces of precious stones he wore one row of common little shells, and on the top of the jewelled scabbard of his sword two umbrellas were enamelled—one of his titles was, I believe, the King of Umbrellas; under his left arm he carried a large bundle of cloth of gold, the insignia of royalty, being a sort of glorified pocket-handkerchief or dinner napkin; I wished to arrange it in neater folds, but was not allowed to do so, as he explained that that was how a servant would carry it; a very massive gold anklet was worn on his left ankle, also a sign of royalty. His great hobby was breeding cattle, and to show me his farm he drove me in a phaeton with six horses, three bays and three grays, in pairs; I felt rather like being in a circus procession; but it was not a very dashing performance, as there were six grooms in attendance, and at every corner we turned they ran to the horses' heads.

A ride I had on one of the Rajah's horses was far more exciting; feeling, I suppose, the different weight he had to carry, he immediately bolted with me, for miles and miles over very dangerous ground, and the friend riding with me and following slowly in

my wake told me his one idea was where to find a stretcher, which he felt sure would be needed to carry me home; but happily it was not, as a large sheet of water finally ended my steed's mad career.

His Highness's wife was a pretty little thing of about fifteen, but he expressed no desire to have her painted. I paid a visit to the old Maharanees in another palace, and was shown much beautiful embroidery they had done, and presented with a handsome piece; I had a small spoonful of sandal-wood oil put on my handkerchief, and was decorated with wreaths of flowers and necklaces of tinsel paper.

After painting a portrait of my pretty hostess I left for Baroda, and was introduced by the Resident to His Highness the Guikwar, who was most hospitable. He invited me to a dinner at his palace, over which he showed us; and he has a beautiful collection of pictures, and a fine portrait of himself painted in Paris. He wished me very much to paint the Maharanee, but she had been painted once, and so disliked the picture she would not entertain the idea, and even refused to see me; I was sorry, as I heard she was so pretty.

The dinner was served in a large room, and the Guikwar sat at another table and on a different carpet, so, as he told us, not to offend the prejudices of his servants, and his food was different from ours;

but travelling so much as he does on the Continent, these observances when at home must be irksome. A band played operatic airs during the whole of dinner, and afterwards a nautch girl from Tanjore came in, her dancing and dress being quite different from anything of the kind I had seen before. She was pretty and very graceful, in spite of her unbecoming dress of trousers made tight at the ankle and a great deal of drapery twisted round her waist and hips. Her movements were much more varied than the ordinary nautch girl's, as she flitted about the room, and a butterfly dance with a fan in her hand was exquisitely performed.

A new palace, lately built for the Maharajah, though an enormous building and a very imposing exterior, has hardly a habitable room, the majority of them having no windows, all the light and air having to come through the door; the Durbar Hall is, however, magnificent, and in it I saw a very good picture of the Guikwar's children by Sir James Linton, and some beautiful statuary by a French sculptor. The native city is very interesting, and I was driven to see the solid gold and silver guns which are kept there; there are four, the gold guns having silver wheels and buckets, and the silver guns brass wheels, etc., but I should not think they are very serviceable.

While at Baroda I received a telegram from the

Resident at Rajkot, inviting me to a week's entertainment that was being given by the chiefs of Kathiawar on the occasion of Lord Harris coming to open the Jubilee Hall. A night's journey landed me at my destination, and once more I found myself the occupier of a tent, which were provided for all the guests.

The week was spent in a series of entertainments, but the principal function was the opening of the Jubilee Hall. The English guests were given seats on the platform, and in the body of the hall were placed rows of chairs to be occupied by the rajahs and their suites, who had evidently sent their own, and the shapes and sizes and decorations of each chair were quite a study. The owners were long in arriving, but this was explained by each one wishing to have his proper number of guns fired, and until one salute was over the next rajah would not start. As each one took his seat in his very best clothes, in his own particular chair, there was a great arrangement of draperies, twirling of moustaches, and stroking of beards. One chief had revolving diamond stars in his turban, and in his anxiety that they should be kept going until the auspicious moment when Lord Harris arrived, he touched them so often that one stopped. After they were all seated, to a salute of seventeen guns —the largest fired that day—His Excellency, with

his dignified and haughty bearing, entered the hall, wearing plain black clothes, the blue ribbon across his chest being the only touch of colour; and he looked so infinitely more noble and distinguished than all the obsequiously bowing rajahs he passed through, in spite of their gilt chairs, revolving diamonds, and embroidered silk and satin garments, that one felt proud of the representative of Her Imperial Majesty.

The hall was hung with portraits of all the chiefs of Kathiawar, painted shortly before, and as they could be compared with the originals seated below, I thought some of them most excellent. Lord Harris gave a long and interesting address, which was afterwards translated into Gujerati by an interpreter, and after being sprinkled with scent, and decorated with wreaths of flowers, he left, followed by the rajahs, and again there was the same difficulty about the guns, so it was a long time before the hall was cleared.

That evening a fancy ball was given by some of the chiefs, who received Lord Harris in their Indian dress; but directly His Excellency had taken his departure, one of them hurried off to don European clothes, in order to dance the *pas de quatre* with an English lady, which we heard he had been practising for weeks. He was very short, fat, and round, and with difficulty found a partner,

for they all with one accord began to make excuse, but having secured one, it was most ludicrous to watch him, he was so very serious over it, and so terribly anxious about his steps.

The next evening a banquet was given, during which Lord Harris most kindly did not forget me, and suggested to the Maharajah of Bhownugger that I should paint one of his wives, and he seized the idea at once, and arranged I should come to Bhownugger after Christmas to paint his favourite wife. He was a Hindoo, and had, I heard, five; but the one he selected to be painted was the last and best-beloved one, and, to my surprise, a Mahommedan, who, as a rule, object to the "graven image."

H.R.H. the Princess Christian told me that when the Maharajah of Bhownugger was in England and present at the Duke of York's wedding, he was delighted to meet again the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, shaking hands with them heartily, and saying, "It was so pleasant to meet old friends in a foreign land," as of course he knew them when H.R.H. had the Bombay command.

After leaving Rajkot I started for Jodhpore, staying a day or two at Jeypore on my way, for I had so often heard the latter city spoken of as one of the finest in India, as its principal street was over a mile long and as wide as Regent Street, and

lit by gas. The street is certainly very long and wide, and at first sight the houses, which are painted pale pink, appeared to be two storeys high, but I noticed that, in most places, the upper storey was a delusion and a fraud, being only a screen put up to represent a room with windows. There are many quaint buildings to be seen, but by far the most interesting part of Jeypore is the crowd, the costumes worn by the picturesque and warlike Rajputs, with their fierce moustaches and dauntless carriage, having so much variety of colour.

The first night I was there I never slept at all. The houses all have flat roofs, and about twelve o'clock I was startled by the most discordant shrieks and yells, apparently coming from the roof over my room. I felt sure it was either some one being murdered or an escaped lunatic. This noise went on all night at intervals, and occasionally I could hear in the far distance similar sounds. I could not understand it, and on inquiring in the morning, found it was only the watchman employed to keep off thieves. And really I think I would have preferred the thief to that horrible noise all night. On the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief," the men hired to do this work are generally thieves themselves.

Far more interesting to me than Jeypore, with its would-be modern streets and flickering gas, was

the lovely old deserted city of Ambar, to which we rode on elephants; it lies between two hills, and the population out-growing the confined space on which houses could be built, the city was deserted, and Jeypore sprang up in its place. It seems strange that such wholesale desertion should have taken place, for the houses look substantially built and in good preservation, and towering above them all stands a noble-looking palace and temple, and in the latter human sacrifices were wont to be offered up, and religious rites are still observed there. The day I went the daily sacrifice of a goat was about to be offered, and to my horror, on entering the temple I saw a sword raised in readiness to descend on the victim: for the priests, thinking visitors would be interested, had waited until we arrived; but I fled precipitately. All the rooms in the palace appeared perfectly habitable and beautifully decorated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A JOURNEY of seventeen hours took me to Jodhpore; and after hours of travelling over a perfectly flat plain the splendid castle of Jodhpore, crowning the summit of a hill, appeared on the horizon, the city, in a cloud of blue smoke, nestling round its base. Out of the usual tourist beat, this city is thoroughly Indian, and the advent of an English lady an unusual occurrence, as I judged by the staring crowd which gathered round me as I entered the smart little victoria, with a pair of black cobs, which was sent to the station to meet me.

The house to which I was driven was really the guest-house of the Maharajah, but occupied then by the English officer commanding the Imperial Cavalry; and to him and his charming wife the greatest praise was due for the excellent taste displayed in its decoration and arrangement. The house impressed me with the delightful feeling of

being in an English home, although really it stood in the middle of a desert plain, with hardly a blade of grass and not a single flower to be seen. The entrance hall, from which, unlike most Indian houses, a double staircase led to the rooms above, was decorated with armour and trophies of the chase, more especially the wild boar's head. The walls of the dining-room were covered with a dark blue cloth with a spear-head pattern, manufactured in Jodhpore; spears, swords, shields, brought from the Rajah's palace, made into designs on the walls. Flowers being so scarce, the decorations of the dining-room table must have been a serious difficulty; but it was surmounted by the butler converting it into a miniature pond, each day of a different shape, surrounded by moss, and small stuffed alligators and tortoises, etc., on its banks. The native *chef*—but I believe there were two—was a master of his art, and although no beef was allowed to be eaten, being a Hindoo city, the fare he placed before us was more varied and the dishes more *recherché* than any I had tasted during my stay in India; but the good management of my hostess, I think, played a great part in the success of the *menu*.

The house was filled with guests, among others Lord Ampthill, Mr. Ivor Guest, and Colonel Melliss, Inspector of Imperial Cavalry; and a dinner of

twenty-two dishes one evening was sent from the Rajah's kitchen to show us what native cookery was like. The dishes consisted principally of curries, in which the green chili was liberally mixed; and I heard one of our party remark after dinner that he felt as if he had "a torchlight procession in his inside."

Pig-sticking was the order of the day; and, unlike Muttra, the pigs in Jodhpore are preserved, so a good day's sport is nearly always assured. A guest who was staying at the Residency had a very narrow escape while I was there. His horse suddenly stopped short on seeing a pig, and shot his rider astride on the pig's back, who resented this liberty by violently snorting, and with his tusks cutting the arm and leg of his rider to the bone; and if there had not been some one at hand to despatch the pig, the injured man would have had a very bad time—as it was, he was laid up for three weeks.

We were shown a wonderful feat of strength and skill. Twenty-eight carcasses of unshorn sheep were hung in rows of four on a sort of gallows, and Sir Pûrtab Singh, who was the Maharajah's brother and A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and several other nobles, mounted on splendid horses, and shouting a sort of war cry—"Urri, urri, urri, urri"—dashed at full gallop at them, with their

swords drawn, cutting each sheep in half as they passed, only one of the twenty-eight not being severed clean in two, and that only hung suspended by a piece of wool.

The Jodhpore Polo Team, consisting of Sir Purtab Singh, Hoorghi Singh, Dhogul Singh, and Major Stuart Beatson, was one of the finest in India, and it was a treat to see them play. Sir Purtab amused us one day by saying that when his wife complained she had not so many jewels as other ladies who came to see her, he told her to tell them her husband had better horses to ride.

It was the greatest pleasure for me to drive into the native city of Jodhpore: a picture presented itself at every corner. It was entirely different from any other city I had seen. The overhanging windows of richly-carved wood were unique in design. And I delighted in diving into out-of-the-way corners, and once found myself in the middle of a group of worshippers in a temple: it was in colour and composition a perfect picture, and I longed for the genius of a Tadema to reproduce it. The temple was of pure white marble, and the crowd of eager listeners, with their varied-coloured turbans and dresses, were sitting in an open courtyard surrounded by marble arches, the deep blue of the sky above their heads. The priest, who was evidently blind, was in a saffron-coloured robe, and

stood on the steps, earnestly speaking to his attentive listeners.

The noble-looking castle, which is situated high above the city, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, is entered by a massive gateway, and on the walls of the stone arch are sculptured in bas-relief hands of all shapes and sizes; and on inquiry I found they were representations of the ranees' hands who on their husbands' death had passed through that gateway on their way to be burnt on the funeral pyre. Some of the hands were quite like children's, others old and wrinkled. The place is full of historic associations, and various graves and monuments were shown of heroes who had fought and died during the various sieges.

When I was painting Dhogul Singh he told me a thrilling but rather improbable story, which occurred during one of the sieges. Two chiefs were fighting for the possession of the castle. The elephant of one was made to try and batter in the wooden gateway, but as it was covered with spikes the elephant would not face it; so the chief laid his body across the elephant's head, and the door by this means was burst open; but a moment before the other chief had been speared scaling the wall, and his followers having thrown his dead body over, he was pronounced the conqueror, being the first to enter dead or alive.

The walls were most massive, and the harem jealously guarded. We were shown the jewel-room with its wealth of treasure and solid silver trappings for horses and elephants, and the armoury with its queer old guns and swords. We were suddenly startled one evening, when on the ramparts, by the large cannon on the summit booming out a salute of five guns, and was told it was in honour of the new moon, which, like a little thread of gold, could faintly be seen in the declining evening light.

While at Jodhpore I painted three portraits, including one of Dhogul Singh, a nephew of the Maharajah, and the best-looking Indian I have seen—tall and graceful, with most refined features and charming manners. He was painted in his smart uniform of white and gold, and a turban of gray and gold, worn after the manner of the Rajputs, well over one ear: on his showing this portrait to his young wife, she said, "It is you all but your soul."

By driving many miles out to lunch, seeing old cities and temples, and fishing all the afternoon in a holy tank, I spent a delightful Christmas Day at Jodhpore, and soon after started for Bhownugger to paint the Maharajah's favourite wife; and I was entertained at the house of the chief engineer, the guest-house being filled with native guests. To

my great disappointment, the Maharajah called on me the next day, to tell me that his wife had gone on a pilgrimage, "and was not coming back until she heard a voice come out of a tomb." This sounded a little vague, and I made anxious inquiries to find out how long voices generally took to come out of tombs; but, though I waited there a month, the lady never appeared: and it was hinted to me that the voice would probably be heard directly it was known I had left Bhownugger, for, being a Mohammedan, she no doubt had a strong objection to being painted.

However, my time was not wasted while I was there, for I suggested that the chief engineer should sit to me for one of my quick sketches, and I would see what I could make of him in an hour; and it proved a fairly good likeness: and when shown to the Maharajah he was quite excited over it, and told me that he had sat to many artists for twelve, fifteen, and twenty hours, but none had succeeded with him as I had with his chief engineer; so he requested me to come the next day to the palace and polish him off in an hour too.

I went there, and found him arrayed in a dark green velvet coat, and a necklace of three strings of very large pearls, which he told me he had lately bought at a very high price, because when he attended the Duke of York's wedding, he was quite

ashamed to find what a poor show of jewellery he had compared to the ladies of the English court. A man was stationed outside the room where I was painting with a watch, to shout the instant the hour was over, but I begged hard for another half-hour the following day, as it would make the portrait so much more satisfactory, and this half-hour was grudgingly bestowed. However, I so well pleased His Highness that he ordered six copies, and when I inquired if he was going to give one to each of his wives, he said, "Oh, no, I intend to send one to Queen Victoria;" so, in signing my name, as he requested, I took care to state the exact time taken on each. I also painted his Prime Minister, who was a very fine old Brahmin. In token of his approval the Maharajah gave me a very handsome but barbaric necklace of lumps of pink coral and nuggets of gold.

I had a curious experience at Bhownugger, which I must relate, although I do not in the least believe in the supernatural. The house where I was staying, which was of two storeys, was built round a Hindoo temple, and the rooms had formerly been occupied by priests. The servants objected to sleep in any of the passages, as is usual for Indian servants, because they said they were haunted by an old woman, who sat on their chests.

My room, which was at the end of a long passage,

was occupied before my arrival by my host's son, who then used a tent in the garden. I continually heard curious noises, but persuaded myself they were caused by wild cats and squirrels on the roof. A slow and measured tread up and down the courtyard, in the dead of night, I made myself believe was a stray cow. But I did not mention any of these noises, until one night, about half-past three, I was suddenly startled out of my sleep by my bedroom door being violently shaken; at first I thought by a tremendous gust of wind, but all again was silent, except the measured footstep up and down the courtyard. The following night this happened again, and as I could not see anyone in the courtyard, or in any way account for the noise, I asked the former occupier of my room if he had had a similar experience, and he acknowledged that he had, it generally occurring about half-past three, and he could not understand it. The next night I had my heaviest trunk leant against the door, a *chick* or curtain made of fibre hung on the outside, and asked if a native servant might sleep on the mat. My ayah was sleeping on the floor at the foot of my bed, and at half-past three we were both suddenly awakened, not by the shaking of the door this time, but as if hands were pattering hard upon it; the native sleeping outside said he heard nothing at all. I began to dislike these experiences, especially as,

in the morning, the lady housekeeper entered my room, with a very white face, to tell me that she had had a wretched night. She slept upstairs, and between three and four o'clock she heard something, apparently very heavy, being dragged along the verandah outside her room, and then round and round her bed, the furniture being knocked as it passed. She hurriedly lit her candle, but could see nothing, and as soon as it was put out the noise commenced again. I related what had occurred in my room; and to our astonishment, when we sat down to breakfast, a very stolid old gentleman, who was only up from Bombay for a few days, announced that he had had what he called a ghost in his bath-room, and that it was the cleanest ghost he had ever heard of, as it had had a bath between three and four in the morning. Bath-rooms are attached to every bedroom in India, and he said he heard some one splashing and making such a noise in his that he lit his candle and took in his dog, who was all excitement, to see who it was, and to his surprise found the room empty, and not a spot of water disturbed; there was nowhere for anyone to make their escape, except a small window near the ceiling with iron bars across. After returning to bed he heard a second bath being taken, but did not trouble to get up again. A few days after I left, so did not hear if the mystery was solved.

While on this subject I may as well relate another curious experience, which was told to me by a lady to whom it happened in India. One morning, while her husband was writing in his study, she saw from an adjoining room a tall figure in a black cloak lean over him, of whose presence he was unconscious, another time her husband saw it leaning over her; the third time it entered the nursery where their little child was sleeping, and the nurse saw it spread the black cloak over the cot. That night the child died of diphtheria. They were so much concerned about this apparition, that they made strict investigations, and near the bungalow was found buried a long skeleton with a black cloak rolled up under its head.

Another weird story I heard when at Kolapore. A man was invited out to dinner, and asked to bring a friend who was staying with him. At the dinner this friend behaved in a very odd way, fixing his eyes intently on his hostess the whole time, and on their return home the man whom he accompanied remonstrated with him; but he explained he was never so horrified in his life, for the whole of dinner he distinctly saw the devil whispering into his hostess's ear, and he could almost hear what he was saying. That night their hostess committed suicide.

CHAPTER XIX.

BHOWNUGGER was very hot and dull, and, irrespective of my uncanny experiences, I was glad to leave. As Bombay was my next destination I determined to go there by sea, and found a small British India coasting steamer leaving about the desired date, so took my passage: it started at five a.m., so I was advised to leave after dinner the previous evening. Arrived at the landing-stage to get into the boat with my ayah and luggage, I found the boatmen, who had been ordered to row me to the ship, had nearly all gone to bed; so with a very small crew I entered the boat, and not until we had started did I realize my danger: the current was so tremendously strong that, directly the boat was unmoored, it flew like an arrow out to sea, and was with difficulty steered to the side of the ship, lying at anchor a good way out; and the captain, who came to meet us on the gangway, told us we had had a very perilous journey; for, had we come in

contact with a buoy or another boat, we should certainly have been upset, and our bodies carried out to sea in a minute. The deck of the steamer I found was carpeted with sleeping natives, and the sailors, being no respecters of persons, bumped all my boxes down on the top of them.

I went at once to my cabin, but not to sleep, for it was tenanted by hundreds of blackbeetles and various other live stock. The captain, the following night, very politely offered me his cabin; but it was on the deck, and therefore very close to all the natives, who coughed and sneezed, blew their noses, and kept up a running conversation the whole night through, so again I had a sleepless night. The food provided on board was quite impossible, so I lived for two days on a tin of biscuits and a small bottle of champagne, which had been put into my luncheon basket before leaving Bhownugger: and truly thankful I was to arrive in Bombay, where, after a few days' stay at the hotel, I was again invited by Lady Harris to stay at Government House, on the point of Malabar Hill; and while there she took me to a *purdah* party, which was most amusing. I was introduced to several of the ladies, and, in consequence, received a commission to paint a Begum, a young and pretty bride, but a very tiresome little person for a sitter.

She attired herself in most gorgeous clothes, but

after the first sitting, which was a novelty, declined to put them on again, and would not hear of anyone else wearing them; so I had to make an impromptu lay figure out of cushions, pillows, etc., and do my best to paint her garments on that; but even then they made it difficult for me, for after arranging the folds very carefully and commencing to paint them in, I particularly requested they should not be disturbed until I came again, but every day I found the whole arrangement in a bundle on the floor, and was told the cat had done it, which I did not believe.

The Begum's mother continually came and stood behind me, with a sneering expression on her face, remarking in Hindostani, "Now she is making your face look like a pudding," "Now she is giving you the small-pox," and various other slighting remarks, so that I was quite pleased when the portrait was completed.

Lady Harris gave a *purdah* party in the grounds of Government House, and of course no man, servant or otherwise, was allowed to be present. All sorts of games were played, and I am afraid I quite offended the little Maharanee of Arkilcote by sitting down in the chair in front of her when playing at Musical Chairs, which they seemed thoroughly to enjoy. One old native lady, after talking to me for some time, surprised me by say-

ing I reminded her very much of one of the characters in Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." The great attraction of the afternoon was a poor woman who had been kept for twelve years alone, in one room, by a tyrant of a husband. She looked very thin and delicate, but seemed to be making up for lost time by talking at a tremendous rate now he was dead and she had regained her freedom.

I painted for a Parsee a portrait of his father, who was a priest in Bombay, and his mother, who, he told me, had been dead for twenty-five years, and who had been fair and very beautiful, and just like him—he was quite one of the ugliest little men I have ever seen, with prominent eyes and teeth; and he suggested that if I painted him it would be quite easy to do his mother, as he only had a very small photograph of her, which certainly did not give the impression of much beauty.

The Maharajah of Mysore was in Bombay during my stay there, and drove me on his coach with a new team of five beautiful Hungarian gray horses which had been presented to him.

Lord Brassey's yacht "Sunbeam" was lying at anchor in the harbour, and I thoroughly enjoyed a dinner-party given on board, the table being spread on deck; and afterwards I was shown all the treasures the yacht contains, including Lord

Brassey's collection of quotations. A naval review, a few days after, I also witnessed from the "Sunbeam."

Several of the visitors at Government House were leaving for Ceylon, and it always having been my desire before leaving India to see "the garden of the world," I made up my mind to accompany them in the P. and O. ss. "Thames." On nearing Colombo I tried in vain to detect the "spicy breezes" which we are told "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and on expressing my disappointment to the captain, he told me that sometimes, to keep up the delusion for the passengers, he had the bulwarks of the ship rubbed with a little oil of cloves! Ceylon is lovely, and nowhere had I seen such luxuriant vegetation and tropical bloom. We stayed several days at Colombo, spending one day at Mount Lavinia, to which we drove through avenues of palms and banana trees; on to Kandy, visiting the famous temple, in which is enshrined the Holy Tooth; driving to Perydenia Gardens, seeing the wonderful traveller's tree, each large leaf containing a pint and a half of clear water, the indiarubber, pepper, and nutmeg trees, the nut of the latter enclosed in the blood-red veins of the mace; a lawn of the sensitive plant, upon which I felt reluctant to tread, leaving a trail of drooping leaves behind me; and returning to Kandy by a lovely stream,

shaded by clumps of the graceful and feathery bamboo.

When at Nuwara Eliya, shortly after, Sir Arthur Havelock, the then Governor of Ceylon, drove me to other botanical gardens, but they were not equal to those of Perydenia. Nuwara Eliya reminded me very much of Ootacamund, but without the glorious downs. The railway journey there and back was lovely, but the number of coffee and tea plantations, with their stiff little rows of trees, rather detract from the beauty of the landscape. Soon after my stay in Ceylon I took my passage home, but remained a few months in Paris, working hard at a studio from eight in the morning till dusk.

Lord and Lady Dufferin were most kind and interested in my work, the former taking specimens to M. Benjamin Constant, who most kindly said he would come to my studio and criticise. Lord Dufferin showed me in his room at the Embassy a charming head, apparently a Greuze, to which an interesting story was attached. When he was ambassador in Rome, and wishing to beautify his mother's rooms, who was coming to stay with him, he saw a beautiful little head by Greuze exposed for sale, and inquired the price, which was some hundreds, and, although a larger sum than he intended to give, he could not resist purchasing it.

When he went to India as Viceroy he sent it for safe keeping to the National Gallery, where it was copied by several artists, but specially well by one lady. On his return from India he sold the picture for as many thousands as he had given hundreds, and the one he showed me at the Embassy in Paris was the lady's copy, which must have been most excellent.

I once painted a man who thought he was a very good judge of pictures, and on his wife coming into a large property, the effects of the house, including the pictures, had to be sold for division. One full-length portrait of his wife's aunt he thought "rather good," and said he should not mind cutting out the head and shoulders and keeping it; however, it went without reserve at the sale for £7, and what was his chagrin to see, at the next Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, the full-length portrait, and catalogued "Lady ——," by Sir Thomas Gainsborough, which had been re-sold for £1,500. I was told, at a school of art where I was studying, that the professor, being at one time very anxious to demonstrate to his pupils the method the old masters adopted in painting a head, bought an "old master," and, on rubbing it down to show the colours used, disclosed a portrait of George IV.

Seeing one day several old-fashioned portraits at

my framer's, he told me he had received an unusual order, namely, to find *six ancestors* for a Manchester gentleman.

From Paris I returned to London, and am once more located in my studio at 27, Harley Street, and all my past experiences of life in Egypt and India seem like a dream; and having thus written them down—during convalescence, after a long and severe attack of malarial fever—from gleanings of my letters, which were preserved, I realize more than ever how much kindness and hospitality I was shown, for which I shall always be grateful, and nothing will please me more than to meet again in England the friends I found in distant lands.

CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hermès India
a project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay
on 12 April, 2019